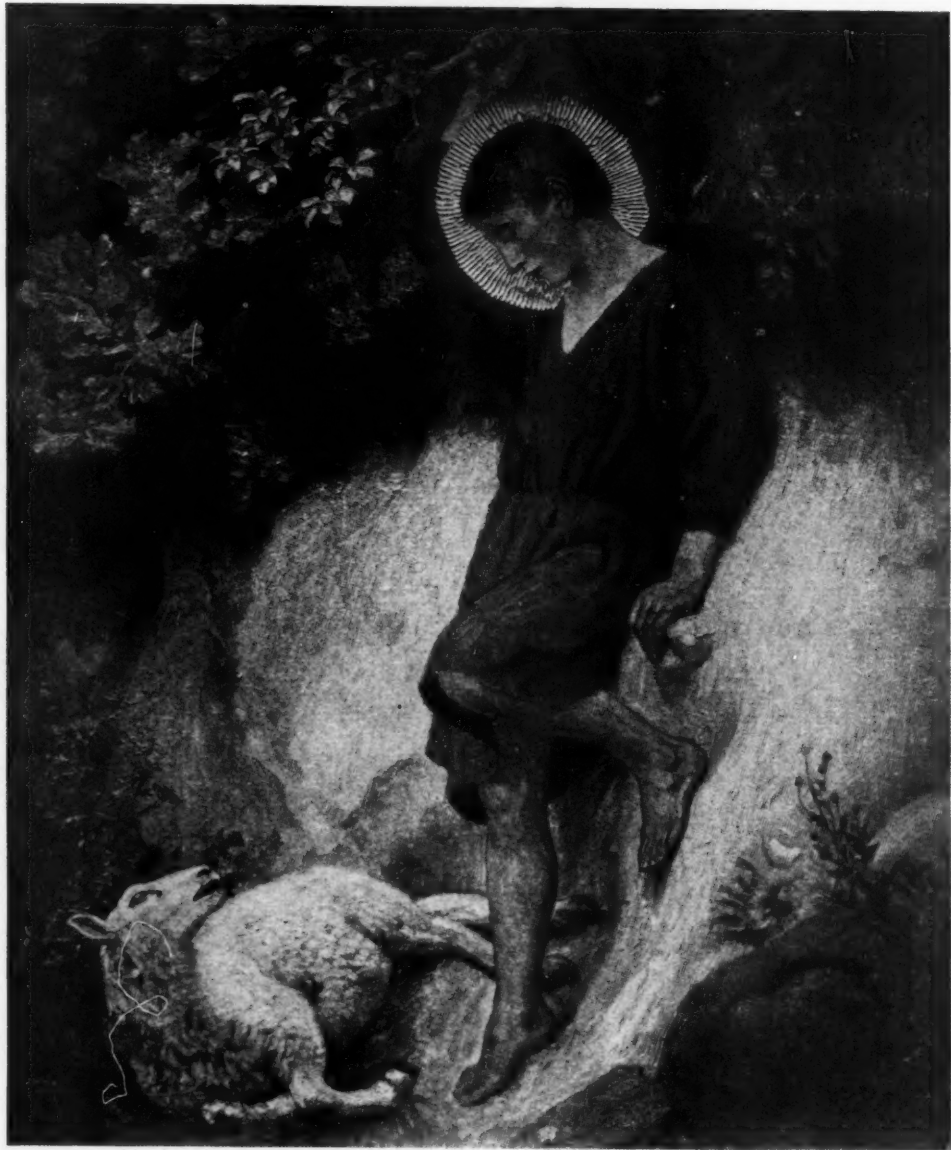


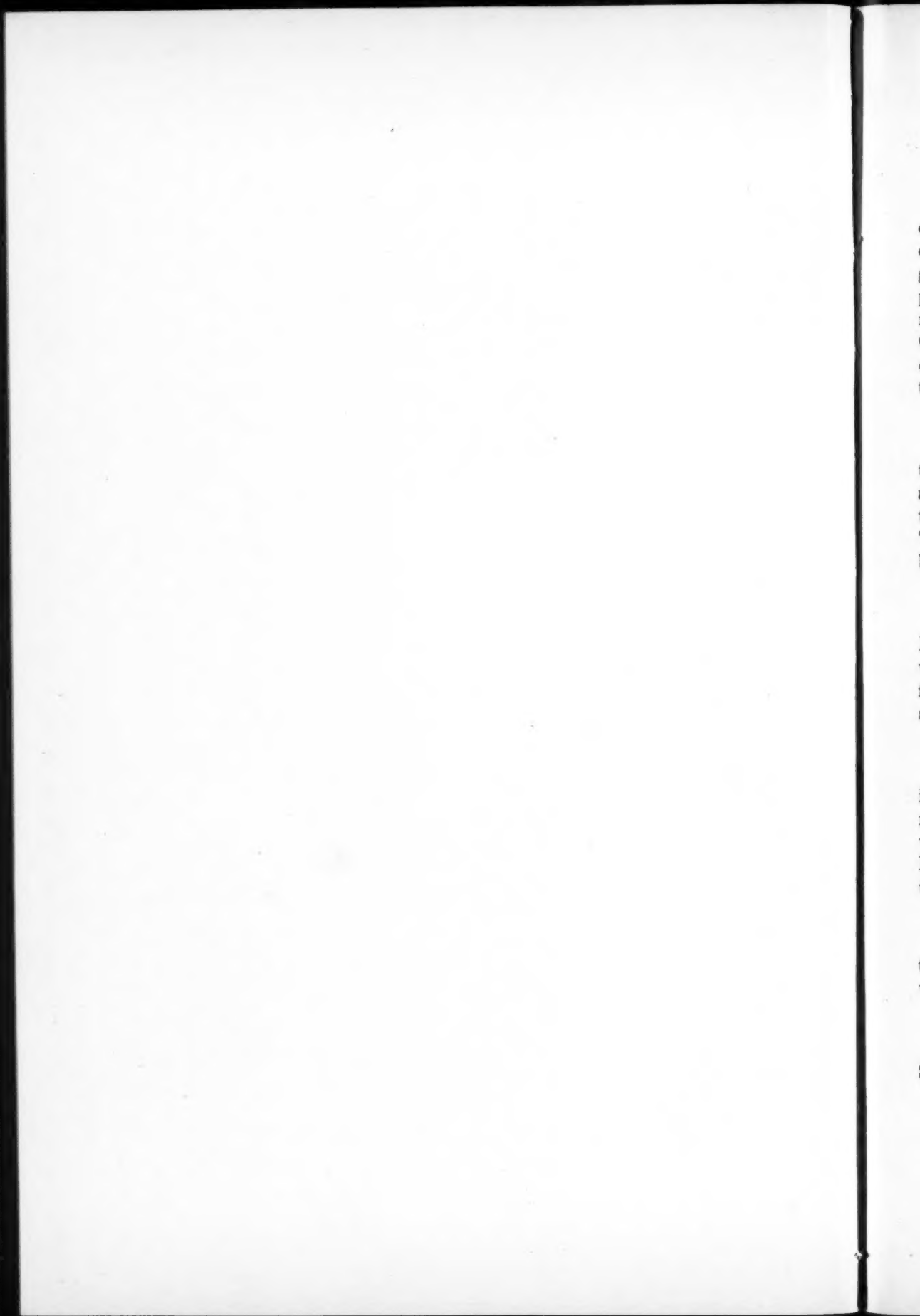
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JOAKIM SKOVGAARD is the foremost religious painter of Denmark. The design on the cover is from Görlev Church, that of the frontispiece from his decorations in Viborg Cathedral. In 1890 the Rigsdag commissioned Skovgaard to restore the interior of Viborg Cathedral, and in five years he had completed the enormous task of covering the wall-spaces with frescoes including more than five hundred figures and depicting the whole Biblical story from the Garden of Eden to the Day of Pentecost. It is the most monumental work of painting Denmark has yet produced and is probably unsurpassed north of the Alps for artistry of treatment and religious fervor.

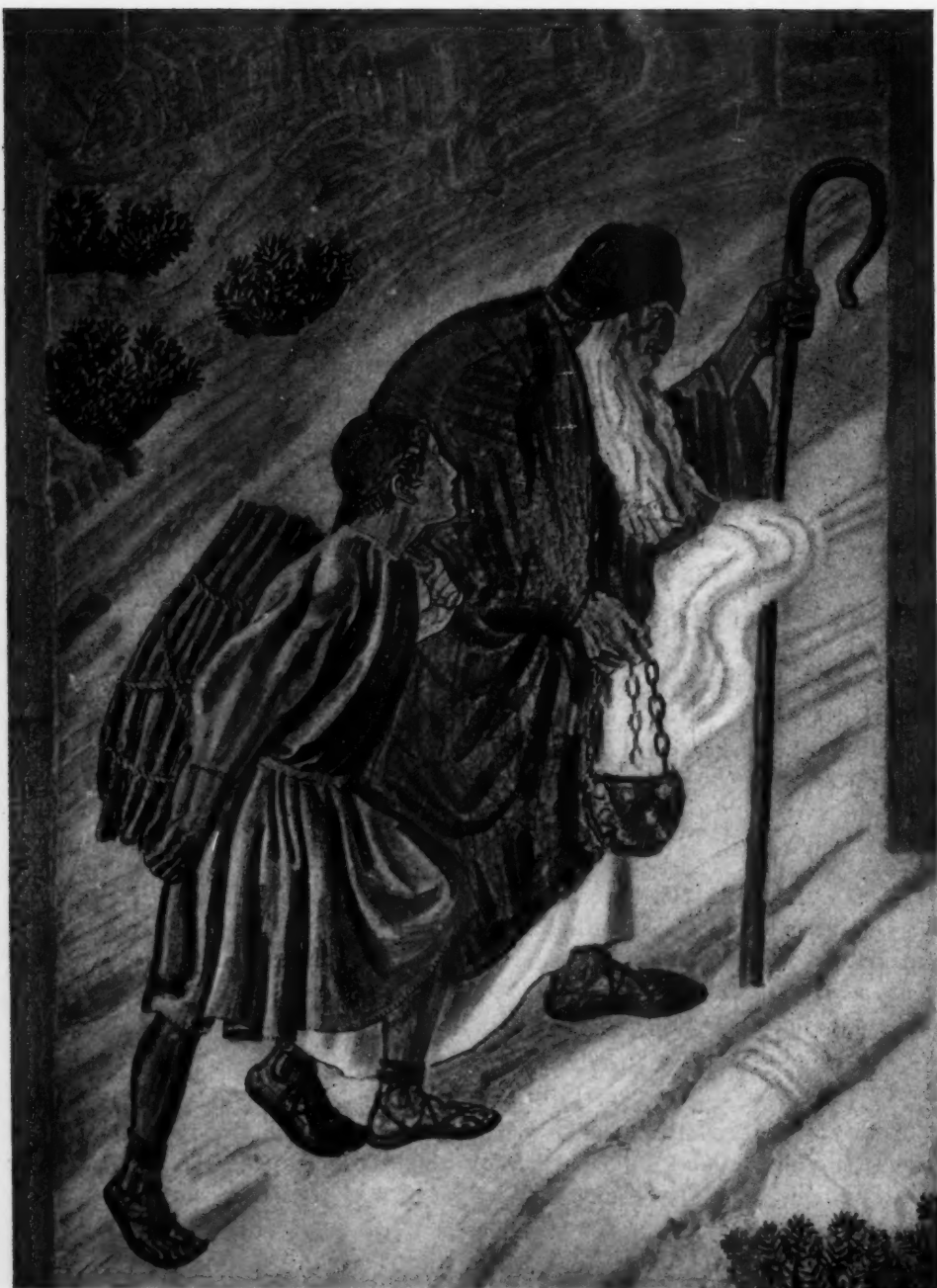
ERICH ERICHSEN is the author of popular stories and poems. The translation published in the REVIEW today is from the opening chapter in *Den tavse Danske*, which appeared in 1916 and was dedicated to "those who did their duty," the Danes in Slesvig who have had to fight in the German army. There are few homes in North Slesvig which do not mourn the loss of a son or brother or father in the war.

AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE is a writer on musical subjects, a resident of Madison, Wisconsin. Under the pseudonym Auber Forestier, she collaborated with Professor Rasmus B. Anderson in his collection of Norwegian songs and folk-dances, *The Norway Music Album*, which appeared in 1881 and is still a standard work.

EINAR HJÖRLEIFSSON is one of the older generation of authors in Iceland and is regarded as the foremost writer of novels and short stories. For some of his material he has drawn on his experiences among the Icelanders of Canada, where he lived for ten years, from 1885 to 1895, and edited the paper *Heimskringla*. His story *The Lord's Proposal* recently appeared in the *International* in a translation by Dr. Hartmann.

RUBEN GUSTAFSSON BERG has written extensively on literature, in particular that of his native land. The article on Heidenstam is from his book dealing with Swedish poets of the nineties.

The REVIEW is pleased to be able to print another of Charles Wharton Stork's translations from the great Swedish poet, CARL SNOILSKY.



From a Painting by Joakim Skovgaard in Viborg Cathedral
ABRAHAM AND ISAAC ON THEIR WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN

(See page 171)

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The Silent Dane

By ERICH ERICHSEN

I FIRST saw him when he was a boy, a little chap of four years with sun-bleached hair and bright eyes, a child of the fields and the soil, of the stable and the hay loft. We sat on the edge of a ditch, basking in the summer sun and with the smell of wild roses in the hedge. I was to tell him stories, but they must be about bold knights in golden armor and with good, shining swords, and the knights must all kill the wicked dragon and rescue the beautiful princess; otherwise he cared nothing for them and nothing for the stories. All the while, as I spoke, he sat looking at me with warm, intense eyes, and his soft, drooping child's mouth was like a great, eager question mark.

When I met him again, it was the month of July in the first year of the war. He was then a fine, lusty young man of four-and-twenty, straight and strong, heavy of limb and firm of step. There was a quiet assurance in all his movements as of one who is used to walking over his own land. His face was tanned by the sun and hardened by wind and weather. The look in his blue-gray eyes was free and open, accustomed to searching the distance and seeing clearly. His voice had a warm and tender note, when he spoke the language of his childhood and youth.

His homestead was on a broad, swelling slope by the fjord. There he was born, as were his father and his father's father and their forefathers before them, as far back as the family could be traced. He came of good, sound farmer stock, from people who had been nourished from the soil, and to whom every foot of ground and every hillock was sacred, filling the soul with joy and the heart with love. His eyes had fed on the green of the fields and the blue of the fjord, the golden glint of the grain and the gleam of the white church spires, when the sun rose and when it sank in the cloud banks. His soul

had drawn from the pure well of faithfulness, and when he followed the plough or swung the scythe or worked in stable and barn, he would hum the melodies he had learned from his father and his father's father, the songs their hearts never forgot, because they stood for what was greatest in their lives and their hopes.

When I saw him, he was lying on a heathery hill, under the summer sun, gazing up at the light clouds drifting southward. He had told me of their homestead there on the banks of the fjord and of her he loved, a girl from the same neighborhood as he, from the same soil and the same steadfast folk, who may sometimes be silent, but never forget. He followed the rapid flight of the cloudlets across the blue vault, and when they vanished, where the horizon caught them in its embrace, he sent a greeting with them to all he held dear: the golden rye and the green woods, the blue fjord and the white church spires, and her who owned his happy young love.

I remember the day he gave me his hand, when he was returning to the bit of earth he loved, and which he meant to guard and cherish, when once it became his, as the generations before him had done.

He smiled at me with shining eyes. His voice rang out gay and free as if it were sounding over wide fields. He looked so young and handsome, so bold and strong. He seemed ready to conquer the world and went to meet life with firm step and happy thoughts, because he knew that he and life were good friends. He was the finest picture I have ever seen of that youth which has both will and power to do what is good and great, which possesses faith and hope, health and truth, strength and honor. He was the sprouting future with its promise of bloom, the fermenting grape which gives precious wine full of potency and fragrance and the golden sweetness of many fair summers.

I caught a last glimpse of his face as the train rolled away between the nearest hills—a last look from two bright, true eyes, a last smile from a firm and steadfast mouth.

That look and that smile I never saw again.

Last summer he was at my house. His right coat-sleeve was hanging empty and was stuck into his pocket. His body was emaciated and limp, his chest flat, his shoulders weary. He sat bent forward and sunk together as one who had just risen from his bed after a long, severe illness, and his face, which was marked by sorrows and hardships, seemed that of an old man. His hair was white at the temples, his skin was gray and dry and looked as if it had been forcibly stretched over the sharp bones. There were deep lines in his forehead. His mouth was pale and thin, and the furrows that ran from his nose down past the corners of his mouth were like two deep scars.

Strangest of all were his blue-gray eyes—which always used to shine out with such a clear, frank light. Now they were sunk deep

under sharp brows, as if they had been pressed down into the sockets by main force, and their gaze was at once fixed and absent, never coming to rest on any object, but always fleeing from a vision that followed and never gave him peace, a vision of something hard and evil and inescapable, which filled him with fear and despair. Now and then, he would close his eyes and pass his left hand over his forehead. The hand was long and thin, and all its sinews lay like tightly drawn strings under the skin, where they seemed to tremble and quiver and never to be at rest.

He had returned from a hospital in the Rhine district, where he had lain for the better part of nine months, tortured by the fever of his wounds, and hovering between life and death. Now he was going on to Norway to regain his health in the high mountain air, if that were possible, and to find rest for his sick soul, which rarely left him a moment's peace either by day or by night.

We had been sitting still for a while, talking of many things, of his mother and father, of his home and his sweetheart, and of all the things down there that lay close to his heart, but of the war we had said never a word. I had avoided the subject, for I felt that to touch on it would be like groping with dirty fingers in a bleeding, running sore. All the while, there was something distant in his speech. It was clear that his words and his thoughts went each their own way, and that his flickering, unsteady gaze saw something far removed from that of which he spoke.

There was a pause. In truth, I scarcely knew what more to talk about, and he sat with eyes closed and hand pressed against them. Now and then a quiver would pass through his frame. He would bend his neck, as if he expected a blow from behind—a blow which he knew was coming, but could not ward off. His mouth trembled, and the furrows running down from his nose became deeper and more pronounced.

At last he spoke, while his eye sought mine hurriedly as in passing, and then became instantly absorbed again by some terror that made it flicker and grow restless:

"I tell you, it was a horror of horrors. You have no faintest conception of it, you who live quietly here on your own ground and make money on the misery of other people. You have no idea of the shrieking agony, the bottomless despair, the horrible inhumanity that we have lived through—we who have had to fight for a country that had been forced upon us—"

"I could understand that a man could suffer, suffer to the last extremity, for what seemed to him beautiful and holy and eternal. I could understand that in such a case he would look back on whatever gruesome and terrible things he had to go through as great and exalted, because the root of them was blessed and made sacred in the cause

of something precious, something too dear to be lost—something beyond life and time—something with the hope and longing of eternity in it.

"I could understand that—and more than that. I could understand that it might fill a man's soul with holy pride, so that all he had done—every hour of suffering, every minute of terror wrought with blood and fire—might seem blessed by righteousness and beautiful with eternal, merciless retribution.

"All that I could understand. But when it is all done merely from a sense of duty—of cold, inevitable duty—then do you realize what cups of torture and anguish we have to drain? Not so much at the moment, for at the moment you don't think, you simply act. There is nothing human left in you when you are in battle. You fight for your life; you are urged on by forces that you've never known and never learn to understand in all their fearfulness.

"There must be hot-blooded passions that have been slumbering in our souls, and in the madness of battle they are let loose like primeval forces, lusty to kill, greedy to destroy. You can laugh with keenest pleasure when you see a body falling or eyes growing dim in death, or when the flames devour what human genius and human art have labored in joy and pain to create. You can cry out your joy in wild shrieks; your heart pounds and your face burns and throbs; you thrill as with the most intense bliss. I don't understand it, but it's a glory of glories for a moment, a joy without end, a letting loose of the passions in a seething, magic ecstasy that makes you drunk and dizzy.

"But afterwards—*afterwards!*

"I could never find words for the torture and misery, the despair and shame. I always felt as if I wanted to hide from myself or to deny the whole thing with a bold lie—or else fall on my knees and pray God to forgive me. I could never look my comrades straight in the face, for I always felt they must see right into the foul depths of my filthy soul, and that they must be afraid lest I should see the same thing in them. We whose homes were all in the same dear land! We who only did our duty, killing those who had never molested what *we* held dear and precious, or what meant life and hope and future to *us!*

"*'The silent Dane,'* my comrades and officers called me wherever I went. *The silent Dane!* They were right. I was silent. How could I be anything else with all that I went through? Don't the horrors always numb you by their inexorableness and make you silent?"

He said nothing for a little while, but closed his eyes. His cheeks burned with two red spots, and quivering motions shot across his face. His form shrank still deeper down into the chair. All his muscles

seemed to slacken, and he looked as if he no longer had strength to expand his sunken chest.

Presently he went on in a voice that was thick as if he were near weeping:

"I don't count *that* anything," and he looked down at his empty sleeve indifferently. "A good many men would think I got off easily, and I think so myself. But all the thoughts that eat into your mind early and late! They say remorse can drive a man insane, and I am sure the thoughts and memories that are tearing me day and night like red hot pincers in living flesh must be a hundred times more merciless. I *can't* let them go, and they won't let me go. We belong together for ever and ever, I have felt that since the moment I woke up in the hospital. They meet me in my dreams; they make my nights a hell and the darkness an abyss of horror. Sometimes I lie there in torture till day dawns without finding respite. I lie watching for the blessed daylight, and yet it never brings peace nor quiet.

"They meet me in the smiles and pleasant voices of people, in the look of a child, in the kind words of my loved ones. They meet me wherever I turn my eyes. No matter what I see or what I hear, there is always a bridge from that to the things I have been forced to do or to see.

"A woman in a street door: I see the houses I helped to burn down, the bullets taking innocent lives, and the flames devouring their bodies.

"A child crying: I see the little innocent creatures who died of want and cold, or whose lives ebbed out on the point of a bayonet.

"A man smiling: I see a distorted face, full of hate to the last, evil, and hurling curses with its look even after the heart has ceased to beat.

"Good God, why are we made with such passions! To destroy and waste and kill till we're weary, to take life after life, just to save our own!"

He struck out with his clenched fist, and his face stiffened in gray pallor. His voice seemed to tear his throat, as he repeated:

"Merciful God, why were we born with such passions! And why should all these horrors come over me—I who never wanted to hurt any one in the world! Merciful God, to think that it should be my duty—*my duty*—to do such things to people who never thought to harm anything I loved—never intended evil against anything that *my* hopes and *my* longings cling to——"

He sank down with his hand pressed over his eyes. His face was distorted as with the terror of bloody and burning visions, and he moaned heavily—despairingly.

Niels Wilhelm Gade

By AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE

PRIVILEGED visitors at the Danish court, during the eighties of the last century, found invariably present, at important functions, a quiet, unobtrusive old gentleman, whose comfort and pleasure were always considered by members of the royal family and government officials. Any one inquiring who this honored individual might be was informed that it was Gade, the composer, a man whose achievements for the music of his country were highly prized. It soon became apparent that this unpretending personality, who demanded so little, yet received so much attention, was the pride of Denmark.

Niels Wilhelm Gade was born in Copenhagen, February 22, 1817. His centenary would have been widely celebrated had it fallen in less troublous times. In our country it certainly merited recognition, since Gade fostered a spirit of freedom and patriotism in his special province, even as Washington, whose natal day he shared, in his.

"The Symphony Master of the North" is what Gade is most frequently called. To those who comprehend the significance of his work, he is known as "The Father of the Scandinavian School of Music." Long before

Edvard Grieg originated a school belonging distinctively to Norway, Gade had imparted the flavor of Northern music, tradition, and nature to accepted musical forms, and through these sent forth a message the world could grasp. It was peculiarly dear to the Danes, who fully realized its value.

He was the son of a musical instrument-maker and repairer, and his father's shop furnished his earliest playthings. The guitar,



NIELS GADE

piano, and violin were the first musical instruments he learned to handle with ease. At fourteen he joined the violins of the court orchestra and before long appeared as solo violinist. At the same time, he set to work in earnest to gather materials for his musical palette. It was his good fortune to study theory and composition with Berggreen, the folkmusic collector, who guided him to native sources of inspiration. Soon the composer overshadowed the virtuoso, and a multitude of compositions, builded on national themes, gave promise of future productions.

His first important composition, the *Ossian Overture*, extolled by critics for its freshness and originality, took the prize offered, in 1841, by Copenhagen's famous Musical Society, with the German master Spohr among the judges. Encouraged by this recognition, the young Dane offered a Cantata, *Agnete and the Sea King*. Unluckily there were no foreign judges this time to give unprejudiced treatment, and it was coldly rejected.

A Symphony in C minor met with a like fate, and was promptly forwarded by the composer to Mendelssohn, whom he admired from afar. Great was his joy when the adored master wrote that no recent composition had given him so much pleasure as this symphony, and brought it out, under his own direction, in March, 1843, at one of the celebrated Gewandhaus concerts, where it created a *furore*. With the stamp of foreign approval it was now heard in Copenhagen, and won for its composer a stipend for study abroad.

After a brief stay in Italy young Gade hastened to Leipsic, where he was welcomed by Mendelssohn, who prophesied great things for him, and by Schumann, who called him a "Musical Messiah" come to bring a new dispensation to music, declaring that the very letters of the young man's name, G-a-d-e—those of the four violin strings—proved the bearer to be dedicated at birth to the Divine Art. In the exhilarating atmosphere surrounding these men, his genius rapidly expanded, and he profited to the utmost from the influence of the classic elegance of Mendelssohn, and the rugged, passionate energy of Schumann. Here he enjoyed chamber music with some of the world's choicest artists, playing the viola, an instrument he had mastered after violin virtuosoship had ceased to be his goal. For several years he alternated with Mendelssohn as conductor of the Gewandhaus orchestra, and for a time held the post left vacant by Mendelssohn's death.

War clouds of 1848 drove him home, and thenceforth he freely gave himself to the land of his nativity, exercising a broad, beneficent influence over all its musical activities. He was the soul of the Copenhagen Musical Society, whose director he became in 1850. As organist of two prominent churches, in turn, as head of the Conser-

vatory of Music, as honored teacher and royal chapel master, his services were regarded as invaluable. All who worked with him loved him, and strove to win his approval. He was revered by his pupils.

The many distinctions accorded him prove how much he was esteemed and appreciated. The Government bestowed upon him a life pension and the title of Royal Professor, finally making him Knight Commander of the Order of Dannebrog, the highest official honor that could have been conferred upon him. The University of Copenhagen granted him an honorary Ph.D., and numerous other titles, degrees, and certificates of membership were awarded him. He received many urgent invitations to conduct his compositions at music festivals abroad, and accepted several in Germany, Holland, England, and elsewhere. Nothing, however, could induce him to leave Denmark for any length of time after he had returned to it from his first stay abroad.

Manifold were the gifts of Gade, the Dane, a man who was consecrated to his art and his native land. Praise unstinted was lavished upon him, for whatever he did he was found to do well, whether busying himself with the pen, the baton, a musical instrument, in the class-room, or with executive duties, he seemed to be exactly in his right place. His masterly organ performances and choir management made him so useful to the historic Holmen Church, whose beloved organist he was for more than thirty years, that, after his death, an acceptable successor was hard to find.

It is as a composer that he will be longest remembered for his genius, scholarship, and industry. He left eight symphonies, seven orchestral overtures, ten cantatas, and a liberal supply of chamber music, besides chorals, solo songs, and piano solos. When some one spoke to him of a Ninth Symphony, he said: "That I shall never write. There can be but one Ninth Symphony."

His familiarity with the works of Beethoven, Gluck, and Mendelssohn, together with his experiences abroad, made him thoroughly at home with the best musical forms, and he invested these with strongly individual, as well as national flavor. The intimate acquaintance circumstances had given him with musical instruments aided him materially in gaining mastery of orchestration. His message is especially luminous to the Danes because of his profound comprehension of Denmark, its people and its rich heritage of song, story, and nature's wonders.

His C minor Symphony, already mentioned, reflects the poetic sentiment of the Norse sagas, and combines sparkling vigor with the pathos that characterizes his E minor Piano Sonata. Its leading theme is the melody of one of his songs, *On Sjaelland's Lovely Meadows*. A brighter tone prevails in the A minor Sym-

phony and leaps into the gladness of springtime in the B-flat major Symphony.

He is peculiarly happy in depicting spring gladness, and it is that which he knows in the homeland. Flowers burst into bloom throughout his spring fancies, fragrance fills the air, while torrents and streams laugh and dance amid sportive sunbeams. Two of his most charming cantatas are his *Spring Message* and his *Spring Fantasie*.

Some of the most exalted flights of his genius are in his G minor Symphony, whose dramatic tone-pictures represent a spiritual conflict ending in triumphant victory. His conflicts are based on those between Danish rigor and loveliness, and are typical of those between Evil and Good. It is but in the natural order of things that Goodness and Beauty should triumph. In certain of his cantatas the same idea prevails. These he grouped according to their underlying motives, whose development demanded more than one composition. One group he based on tradition, viz.: *Comala*, *The Erl-King's Daughter*, and *Psyche*. The growth of a religious ideal is represented by the group: *Kalanus*, *Zion*, and *The Crusaders*. It is an interesting fact that whenever he had occasion to deal with folk-melodies, well known though these might be, they seemed new under his touch, for in his re-creations of them he gave them a setting that made apparent their worth.

It is remarkable that with his many strenuous activities Gade could accomplish so much in his compositions. His daughter Dagmar tells how he used to talk of the visits of his Muse, who was prone to knock at his door when his practical duties were most overwhelming. Conscientiously he would bid her to come at a more convenient season, but she would continue to knock until he found time to receive her. When once the ideas this Muse had aroused within him had assumed form, and he was engaged in writing them down, or in reading over what he had written, his family might talk and laugh around him all they pleased; nothing could disturb him.

His death was as peaceful as his life. He officiated for the last time, December 21, 1890, at Holmen's Church, where the music had so long been in his charge. After returning home in the evening, he discussed with his household plans for the approaching Christmas festivities, then suddenly, without a struggle, fell sweetly asleep. Hosts of friends, including members of the royal family, attended his funeral, and a wealth of floral tributes, testified to the esteem in which he was held by all classes of people.

Bringing the Country to the City

By HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

THE absorption of gardening is unlike that of anything else. The gardener cannot, like the artist, put leaf on stalk and flower where flower should be; he can only surround the plant with the right conditions and watch the unfolding of a bloom that is his work and yet not his. It is an ownership in the processes of nature, and though we multiply city parks and flock to the woods or the beach every week-end, nothing can take its place.

The Danish Colony Gardens seem to meet this universal human craving better than any other system that has yet been devised for the people of small means who must live in the cramped quarters of the city. Utilizing the vacant lots that would otherwise be covered with weeds or rubbish, or at best lie fallow, they are, in fact, private summer resorts, held in long-term leases by persons with the income of a working man or small business man. They are laid out where they will be readily accessible and have the advantages of communal organization, yet they pay due regard to privacy, and every tenant is undisputed lord within the paling that surrounds his ground. He is his own architect, builder, and landscape gardener; hence the plots are no mere squares in a checkerboard, but give individual fancy free play.

One of the pleasantest memories of my visit to Copenhagen, in the summer of 1914, is that of a stroll through the gardens at Amager. The Colony is situated where the Amager maidens used to milk the cows that supplied Copenhagen with cheese and butter, and where,

more recently, the townspeople used to go out on Sundays and enjoy the rustic refreshments under the trees. It is now well within the city limits, but modern progress has not had the heart to disturb the gardens, it has merely taken a leap round to the other side and spreads its new blocks of brick houses behind them. So jealously do the tenants guard their privacy, that we should probably not have gained admittance, had our guide



"THE ASH-BLONDE MAIDEN READING ON THE ROOF"

not been an old resident of Copenhagen, who knew the right word or the twinkle of the eye that served as our passport.

Much wheedling was necessary before we secured permission to photograph the ash-blond maiden reading on the roof and the comfortable, rotund matron serving tea under the trees in front of her summer house. It was in the late afternoon, when the father, coming directly from his work in shop or factory or office, would join the family in the garden, where the mother had perhaps spent the day with her sewing, while the children played. Supper would be served from the lunch-basket, and tea or coffee made on an oil-stove. Then the children would fill the watering-pots from the common faucet outside, and the head of the family would busy himself with rake and hoe, unless he preferred to while away the time with a game of cards or a chat with his neighbors. There was yet a few hours of daylight before they would have to return to their homes, and one tenant confided to us that sometimes they would sleep in the little summer houses, though this was really against the rules.

The Amager Colony is one of the oldest in Denmark. Many of the gardens have been rented by the same families year after year and grow more beautiful every season. Tall trees flanked the wide road that ran along the canal; the hedges were high, and the cottages covered with vines. Here and there, a row of sunflowers peeped over the top of a fence, or hollyhocks hid it from view. Larkspur made a delicate tangle of blue and pink and white; California poppies blazed with exotic splendor; late roses and mignonettes had a sweeter fragrance than in warmer countries, where the bloom is forced by a hotter sun.

There are indeed Colony Gardens entirely devoted to utility, where the little green cottages are as bare as refugee sheds, and where the whole area is taken up by vegetable beds, but this is not the custom at Amager. There the gardens are almost entirely



"YET A FEW HOURS OF DAYLIGHT"



"TALL TREES FLANKED THE WIDE ROAD"

which the stork recognizes as so homelike that it builds its nest on the roof. Young girls with the everlasting "Sister Anne, seest thou any one?" in their hearts persuade their father to build a tiny platform poised high on a rickety staircase, where they can sit with their books or embroidery and watch the military air-ships in practice flight over the Copenhagen common.

The material for these creations of architectural fancy are often found in the refuse of a large city. Odd doors and windows can be made to fit if the walls are built around them. Some discarded shed or a ship's cabin can be turned into account by clever hands, and the figurehead will furnish a statue for the garden. Weather vanes take the form of every bird and beast one has ever heard of. There is never any naive unconsciousness about these productions; one always feels that the perpetrator is laughing at himself, as he lets his sense of humor play with hammer and saw and paint pot.

When the idea of the Colony Gardens first took form in the mind of Mr. P. Hansen, himself a gardener and an inspector of open markets, he realized that it would be necessary, especially at

pleasure parks. They are a playground for the creative instinct, an outlet for stifled esthetic feelings. The man who has known nothing but three ugly rooms on a dirty court perhaps likes to fashion for himself a Turkish mosque or a Chinese pagoda, or he comes a little nearer home with a classic temple or a Gothic summer house. Sometimes he merely builds a pleasant little dwelling



"A PLEASANT LITTLE DWELLING"

first, to bring them close to the people, if possible within walking distance of the prospective tenants. If the people whose fathers and grandfathers had perhaps lived and died within dusty streets, and who had themselves never raised so much as a radish, were to be fired with enthusiasm for gardening, it would be necessary to spread the opportunity before their very eyes. It is true, communal Colony Gardens had existed for the benefit of the poor as early as 1828, and some of these had been kept up until recent years; so the idea was not entirely new, but nothing on the scale of Mr. Hansen's project had been known before. He first tried to interest the City Council of Copenhagen, but the expense was considered too great. He then persuaded a working men's association, *Arbejdernes Vaern*, to take the matter up, and under its auspices the first Colony Garden of Copenhagen was laid out with fifty-four plots. It proved so popular that the following year, 1892, Mr. Hansen felt encouraged to form the Garden Society of Copenhagen and to begin work on a much larger scale.

The land at Amager was in part purchased, in part leased, some from the city, some from private individuals. True to his idea of coaxing the city dwellers by easy stages, Mr. Hansen insisted on making everything ready, even to manuring the soil, so the tenants should have nothing to do but stir up the earth and plant a few seeds in order to see results the very first year. This necessitated a very heavy initial expense. The land was acquired in April, and before the formal opening of the Colony in June, a macadamized road had been built a distance of eight hundred yards along the stream that divides Amager from the mainland, a high board paling of the same length sheltered the gardens, gravel walks had been made between the plots, water pipes laid, a sewerage system installed, and the ground filled in with thousands of wagon loads of earth. So eager were the tenants to begin that some already had products of their gardens to exhibit on the opening day. At first it was planned to make the tenants stockholders in a company, but as many seemed to regard this arrangement with suspicion, it was decided to rent without conditions to any one who desired it, and very soon every one of the three hundred plots was taken.



"COLONY HANSEN"

Through the efforts of the directors, notably of Mr. Hansen, who has well earned his title of "Colony Hansen," it was possible to raise the large sum required, and in spite of the small rental of between two and three dollars for the season for a plot of eight hundred square feet, some years of careful management made the Colony self-supporting. Not only that, but the Garden Society has been able to aid its tenants in many practical ways. Thus one year it distributed free of charge to two of its Colonies thirty thousand bulbs of narcissus, iris, and tulips, and another year it gave the tenants of one Colony all the raspberry and gooseberry bushes and all the straw-



COLONY OUTSIDE OF COPENHAGEN

berry plants they could use. Literature giving instruction in how to tend various plants and how to utilize the ground by rotation of crops is also dealt out free, and sometimes this is followed up by a perambulating teacher.

The result has been very substantial economic benefits, besides the pleasure and the gain in physical and mental health. Many families who could ill afford to buy berries and vegetables have kept their table supplied throughout the season, and some have added

considerable sums to their income. The market gardeners were at first inclined to view the Colonies as an infringement on their rights, but they soon learned that their trade, instead of diminishing, was greatly stimulated. Once the taste for vegetables and fruit was cultivated, people who had regarded them as luxuries came to demand them as necessities. The finer garden produce that had been almost unknown came into common use. Thus the consumption of strawberries in Copenhagen was multiplied by fifteen in the first fifteen years of the existence of the Copenhagen Garden Society, and even flowers were sold in greater abundance.

In 1914, Denmark had about forty thousand individual gardens in many separate Colonies. The idea has spread to other countries, and notably in Sweden and Germany it has been carried out with great energy. Offshoots of the Colony are the school gardens and the numerous "own-a-home" societies. People who have spent their evenings under their own vine and fig tree are loth to return to the ready-made ugliness of rented rooms in dusty streets. Soon they begin to think of raising their own roof-tree in good earnest, and accustomed to the organization of the Colony Gardens, they naturally fall into line in the co-operative building associations, which have made it possible for wage-earners to own a house and land. So the Colony Gardens, from being a plaything, have become a great social force.



The Wish

By EINAR HJÖRLEIFSSON

Translated from the Modern Icelandic by JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN

THIS is a remarkable story, for it took place both in Heaven and on Earth. It is about a tiny little angel-inferior. His name was Jonas and he lived in Heaven. He was in dreadful trouble. The story does not state precisely what he had done, but it must have been some unheard of blunder he had fallen a victim to. He had, by some foolishness, thrown everything into commotion in Heaven, where all is supposed to be perfect peace and calm.

Gabriel, the archangel, took up the matter gravely. He was completely dumbfounded by Jonas' conduct—that he, an angel in Heaven, should behave like a fool!

"You will have to go down to the abode of men and stay there for some time," said Gabriel; for the abode of men is the reformatory of Heaven.

Jonas thought it exasperating to be sentenced to the reformatory after having been an angel in Heaven. To him it seemed reasonable that a station of such dignity should be taken into account, but he did not talk back; the powers of Heaven are imposing, and he knew there was not much to be gained by disputing with the Judge. So he remained silent and covered his face with his hands.

"You will have sore trials there," said Gabriel.

Jonas began to suspect some mischief. He was not familiar with any place except Heaven.

"We'll take care of that. We have never had any difficulty in that respect." The archangel laughed at Jonas, who could imagine no way of getting into a scrape on Earth.

Jonas bowed his head again and covered his face with his hands.

"The surging billows of death will surround you. The vast rivers of perdition will terrify you. The snares of destruction will enclose you, as they enclosed our friend, King David," said Gabriel.

"My good Lord!" said the angel-inferior in a low voice.

"Such things are nothing but daily occurrences on Earth. Nobody pays any attention to them except those that meet with them," said Gabriel.

Jonas shook like a straw in the wind. Terror bound his heart in iron clutches, but he still sat with head bowed down and his face covered with his hands.

"Down on Earth, moreover," said the archangel, "there are countless souls who, quite unconsciously, perform nothing but good deeds all day long. Now one of them will have an opportunity to

do an act of charity for you. That will strengthen him, and when the act of charity is accomplished, you can come back here."

At that Jonas looked up. "How can I reward the act of charity?" he asked.

"The act of charity will reward itself," replied the archangel.

But now Jonas had become resolute. "You must see yourself, powerful archangel, that I, who, although this has happened to me, am nevertheless a heavenly angel, cannot go about on Earth and accept favors from men, without giving them something in return. That would be a disgrace for me and for Heaven too."

He urged this with such obstinacy and fervor that the archangel finally yielded to him.

"You may, then, grant one wish."

"Good! Thank you, Sir Archangel."

"I hope that no foolish thing will be asked, but I fear it. Men are rather lacking in sense. Try to see to it that we shall not have to grant any absurdity. Well, good-bye."

Jonas disappeared from Heaven.

II

"This is terrible weather," said old Sigurbjörg, drawing the three-cornered shawl closer around her neck in front and jerking her shoulders up to her ears, as if a shudder were passing through her. "This is just as when——" She checked herself and was silent. She did not want to mention the day that had almost escaped her lips. She knew that Thorunn could not endure it, but would begin to weep.

"Yes, God help any one who is out now, whether on sea or land," said Thorunn, passing her hand over her round, handsome, but freckled face. "That's the way it was when——" she broke off and began to weep.

The weather was frightful. The snowstorm beat the rickety cottage and shook it like a rag. The snow was filling the window recesses, and though it was only noon-time, it was getting dark inside. When at last the sky cleared and faint glimpses could be seen of the coal-black rock-belts of the mountains, their features seemed viciously distorted in the blanket of snow which surrounded them. The violent storm howled around them, as if the irascible and malevolent powers of the universe were laughing a sardonic laugh at men.

It seemed lonely there in the hut—for the two who were all alone. It had been so ever since Thorsteinn had gone fishing, but many times more lonely since the time when they knew that he was drowned.

"All the worse that he should leave her in such an awful plight, and without even so much consideration as to marry her," said old Sigurbjörg often to herself, but she never said it aloud. Not for anything would she have saddened Thorunn, not by a single word.

They sat opposite each other on their two beds. Thorunn was sewing a tiny little shirt, but her eyes were beginning to pain her. Sigurbjörg was carding wool.

Thorunn was listening to the monotonous squeaking of the wool-cards, and was trying to get out of it some tune for her amusement, but she did not succeed. There was more music in the raging snow-storm, but its tunes were so terrible.

"I think I had better begin spinning that bit of wool," said Sigurbjörg, laying aside the wool-cards.

"Can't you tell me a story? Somehow it seems so lonesome," said Thorunn.

Sigurbjörg thought for a moment. "I suppose you have heard about the apparition that Gudridhur in Kambaseli saw?"

"Ah, no, don't tell me anything about apparitions now."

Thorunn looked out through the window. The strong winds touched lightly the window-panes that were not yet covered with snow, as they rushed by with fearful speed like ghosts that must hurry in order to get hold of somebody before he goes to bed.

"Can't you tell me some story that ends well—something about God fulfilling the wishes of men?"

"Hark, hark! God help us! What is that?"

Sigurbjörg listened. Thorunn also began to listen.

"It's nothing but the storm beating against the door of the house," said Thorunn.

"Hark, hark!"

Sigurbjörg gasped for breath.

"It's the door creaking. Nothing else."

"The door does not wail."

"The wind wails. There is not a sound in existence that is not to be found in the wind. Sometimes it weeps."

"Yes. When your mind is on weeping."

"Sometimes it laughs."

"You have seldom heard it laugh in the last weeks."

"Sometimes it sings a cradle-song. Sometimes it is angry and rebukes men. Then I get so frightened."

"Yes, I know you hear a good deal of nonsense," said Sigurbjörg. "But this has probably been some mistake in hearing on my part."

"Hark, hark!" said Thorunn.

"Did you hear anything?"

"Yes, I heard something touch the door."

"It's the wind."

"No matter about that—I'm going to the door."

Thorunn darted along the hall toward the entrance, and Sigurbjörg after her.

III

When they opened the door, they instantly became white with snow. A gust struck them full in the face and whirled far into the hall. A drift of snow was piled high against the door of the house, and something was wailing in the drift.

"Who is there?" they both cried.

Again they heard the wail, a moan of suffering, a cry of distress, but no distinct words. They rushed to the snowdrift again and there found a man.

"Can't you stand up, man?" said Thorunn, and began tugging at him.

"No, no!" whimpered the man.

They lifted him up between them, Thorunn by the shoulders, and old Sigurbjörg by the feet, and carried him in through the door with great difficulty.

"You can't stand that, Thorunn. He is so heavy."

"Yes, yes. Let's go on."

But Thorunn was breathing hard with the exertion.

"Let us change. I'll take him by the shoulders. Remember the condition you are in."

"No, no, I am young, and I am stronger than you."

They went on through the hall with their burden, puffing and panting, and finally they succeeded in getting him into Thorunn's bed. They hurriedly took off his outer clothing, which was wet with snow, and covered him up. Then they began to look him over. He seemed to them to be in a swoon, for he was pale as a corpse. His bright yellow hair lay in curls. After a little while, he opened his eyes and smiled, but they thought he did not see them.

"How beautiful he is!" said old Sigurbjörg.

"Yes."

"And he is young. It's a child."

"Yes."

"He is like some angel."

"Yes."

"Listen, Thorunn—I think he will die."

"God help me! Why do you think so?"

"It seemed to me as if he were looking into Heaven."

"We shall have to look and see whether he is injured—especially his feet," said Thorunn.

They took off his stockings and found that his feet were not frost-bitten, nor were his hands.

Thorunn sat down on the bed in front of him, while Sigurbjörg stood by the bed, and both looked at him thoughtfully.

"Who can he be? He is not from this neighborhood. Wonder where he is going?" said Sigurbjörg.

They were silent for a while. Thorunn could not, of course, answer the questions.

"Do you know what I think?" said Thorunn.

"No."

"I don't think—he—is a native of this place."

"God be with us, for us now to have to house a foreigner!"

"And my shawl torn like this! But do you think it can be so? Do you think any foreigner could have come up here into this remote valley in the middle of winter? What business could bring him up here?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think he might mean to do us harm?"

"No, no, no! Besides, don't you see how sick he is?"

Thorunn was still watching the stranger—had never taken her eyes from him. Sigurbjörg was watching Thorunn.

"You are somehow so queer, Thorunn. You're not getting ill, are you?"

"No."

"For God's sake, you mustn't go and get ill in this blizzard—and with this sick stranger in the house. What should I do alone here in this weather?"

In the voice of Sigurbjörg there was not only fear but also a shade of persuasion, as if it had been entirely within Thorunn's power to refrain from getting ill in order to spare Sigurbjörg this trouble.

"There is nothing the matter with me."

"You seem to be in a trance. Why do you look that way?"

"I see——"

"Well, what do you see?"

"I see what looks like a halo around his head."

"Almighty God protect me! But you often see and hear such nonsense— Suppose he were——"

"Suppose he were what?"

Sigurbjörg did not have so much power of imagination that she could get further in her conjectures, but she was so frightened that she hardly dared remain in the house, though she was compelled to stay. Fearful as the halo was, the snowstorm was yet more fearful.

Thorunn did not move from the bed.

IV

Night had come. The window had now a white shutter, for the window-recess was filled with snow. Sigurbjörg was snoring in her bed. A light was burning on a candle-end placed in a wooden ring with a handle on it, which in turn was stuck into a hole in the panel at the base of the bed and cast a faint glimmer through the room.

Behind the head of the bed were dark shadows, and beyond the door there was pitch-black darkness.

Thorunn was sensible of this darkness, even when she was not thinking about it at all.

"God knows whether this candle will last out the night," she said to herself.

If it should go out, she would have to go to the rear of the house and find some other light. She was so short of candles that she could hardly afford to burn a light all night like this, and then—to go out in the dark all alone! But she had not been able to go to sleep and leave him there unconscious. One of them had to watch over him, and Sigurbjörg had been so frightened.

She listened to the storm. She had often listened to it before, had often heard the tunes it sang, sometimes heavy and roaring, sometimes screaming and howling, but always terrible. Now she heard a word. She had never heard that before. Only one word! She heard the wind pass gently along the roof of the house and whisper: "Power! Power!"

She heard him raise his voice and say in a full tone: "*Power! Power!*"

And she heard him pass over the roof roaring like a bull: "*POWER! POW-ER!*"

Then he caught the house in his grasp, as an old woman of vicious temper snatches a little child, and shook it to and fro until it quaked.

"I'm so sleepy. Or am I beginning to dream? Or has something come loose that is making all this rumpus and racket?"

The storm bellowed the same word, but louder than before.

"Yes, it has power enough! Everything has power enough that does us harm! Oh, how tired I am!"

The tired feeling passed all through Thorunn's body from head to foot. She felt scarcely able to sit up.

Then the man opened his eyes, and Thorunn felt that now he saw her. She was not sensible of the darkness any more, nor did she hear the raging storm, and she was no longer aware of her fatigue.

"These are celestial eyes," she said to herself, and her soul drank their beauty like a refreshing draught.

"How are you feeling now?" she asked.

"I'll soon be quite well."

Was he foretelling his death? Her soul was grave and fervent with compassion, but his voice resounded in her ears like a soft and gentle melody, though the man was silent.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Jonas."

"Have you come a long way?"

"Short or long, that depends on how you take it."

"Where do you live?"

"I don't want to tell you an untruth, and were I to tell you the truth, you would not understand it and would not believe it."

He watched her with eyes full of heavenly mercy and peace, and she looked at him with wondering joy.

"I believe."

He looked at her very thoughtfully.

"Yes, I see you do. To-night the fiend of scepticism has left you. To-morrow it will return."

"I don't understand you."

"When we cease speaking, you will go to sleep. When you awake I shall have disappeared. Then you will think that I've been nothing but a dream and a creature of the imagination. This has been the fate of all of us who have come hither."

"Sigurbjörg saw you also."

The visitor smiled.

"She will think that I was the devil."

"Where do you live? Tell me the truth! I will believe."

"My home is in Heaven."

She did not think he was telling her a lie. She did not think he was mentally deranged. She believed. Such is the power of those who come from Heaven, while they tarry here below. She thought a little while. Now she felt again the fatigue, like sharp pains, especially in her feet and head.

"Yes, it must be a long way from here," she said.

"What would you wish for yourself, if you had one wish?"

"I don't know. I have not thought anything about it. I have never had any."

"Would you wish something for yourself or for somebody else?"

"For somebody else," she replied, without stopping to think.

"Yes, I suspected that."

She felt that he was beginning to watch her again, and a warm stream of joy flowed anew through her soul and through her body. She had entirely forgotten her fatigue.

"Do you believe me?"

"Yes, I believe you."

"I give you one wish. What do you wish?"

"I don't know."

But she believed, and she began thinking—thinking—thinking about the worldly blessings that she had heard mentioned. She knew one man of wealth. He was unhappy from business cares and ill-health. Those who had power were slandered and defamed. Men of talent were sensitive, restless, and without peace. Those most likely to be contented were the stupidest.

"What do you wish?"

"I don't know."

The storm began to shake the house. It was still roaring about the power she needed. The pains shot all through her body, and the heavy burden of fatigue lay upon her like a mass of earth.

"I feel as if I could sleep, sleep, sleep in all eternity."

"What do you wish?"

Then it was as if the fatigue and the roar of the storm kindled a light in her soul. The darkness of doubt vanished in a moment from her mind. All became a bright, shining certainty.

"What do you wish?"

"I wish that the child I shall bear will find delight in every exertion."

The visitor became thoughtful.

"Your wish is granted," he said. "Now you will go to sleep."

The same moment Thorunn fell asleep leaning against the side of the bed.

V

Jonas had reached home.

"What was the wish?" asked Gabriel, the archangel.

Jonas told the whole story.

The matter began to look serious to Gabriel.

"The young woman has by no means demanded a trifle. Did you grant this?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," replied Jonas, in greatest confidence. "You gave me permission, Sir."

"But do you understand what is contained in this grant?"

"Yes, Sir."

"No, I see that you don't understand it. The young woman has overturned the destiny of Heaven and Earth. Her child will be uncontrollable and unconquerable. It will simply smile at everything that is decreed for it to do. Its life on Earth will become as a life in Heaven. It will enjoy the greatest happiness in the universe—that of finding inexhaustible power within itself. It will become more than we, the archangels."

Then a voice could be heard, far, far down from the high vaults of the heavens, more powerful than the rushing of a thousand streams, more gentle than the vernal dreams of little children. "But that is what they were all created for," said the voice.

And Gabriel and all the angels who stood around him bowed their heads in submissiveness and supplication.



From a painting by Oscar Björck

VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM IN HIS HOME AT DJURSHOLM

Verner Von Heidenstam

From RUBEN GUSTAFSSON BERG

FEW Swedish authors are so difficult to characterize as Heidenstam. If we except the composite natures of Almqvist and Strindberg, there is perhaps no one else who so eludes our attempts to confine him within the limits of a definition. The Swedish temperament, which he has described so brilliantly, seems to have put forth such a wealth of shoots in his own nature that no man could possibly bring them all to full bloom during one lifetime. The traditions of an old and distinguished family, years of travel in foreign climes, an adventurous spirit, strength of will, imagination, an unusual artistic talent, and finally a strain of the lyricism of our brief summers—all are blended in Heidenstam to form a great and many-sided personality. He has not Selma Lagerlöf's legendary glamour and broad popularity, nor Per Hallström's warm human sympathy and tender pathos, nor Gustaf Fröding's creative melodies and unplumbed depths of subjective emotion. He is a seer of glorious visions and interprets them with the monumental eloquence which accords with the Swedish language and temperament. More artist than virtuoso—as Fröding pointed out in his *Grillfängerier*—and insisting on the privilege of serious art to remain

often uncomprehended by the majority, Heidenstam was less fitted to become the poet of the masses than to be a factor in the literary world. Looking back on his achievements, we may say that he has broken the way for imaginative writing and made of his nationalism a theory to be defended with fiery conviction.

The literary renaissance which held sway in Sweden in the nineties began with the appearance of Heidenstam's first work in 1888. His own youthful development and his attitude toward the world of letters in his own country were largely determined by certain external conditions that contrasted sharply with the lot of most Swedish authors. He did not even remain in Sweden long enough to finish the usual school education; while yet a boy he travelled and became familiar with the people and scenes of the sunny south. Unlike the many gifted men, who—to use his own words—had been stifled by timidity, envy, and professional cares, he could unfold his powers in freedom and ease. Thus he won an independent position outside of all stunting and cramping influences. His intense absorption in what he saw and the appeal of line and color to his mind moved him to choose painting as a vocation, but after a few years of study in Rome, among men of the studios to whom the pleasure of the eye was all in all, he came to realize his mistake.

He saw the world through the medium of printer's ink and could not be satisfied with a language that spoke only to the eye. He longed for the complete self-expression which he afterwards found in poetry with its union of tones and pictures and its foundation of the seen and the dreamed. Yet he was in no hurry to print. Like Selma Lagerlöf, Karlfeldt, and Fröding, he waited until he was nearly thirty before publishing his first work, *Vallfart och vandringsår* ("Pilgrimages and Wanderyears"), followed in quick succession by his travel sketches, *Från Col di Tenda till Blocksberg* ("From Cól di Tenda to Blocksberg"), appearing in 1888, the novel *Endymion* in 1889, a few esthetic philosophic pamphlets, and in 1892 his epic work, *Hans Alienus*. Three years later came a collection of poems, and with *Karolinerna* ("The Carolines"), he entered (1897) upon the historic prose composition which was to absorb so many years of his production. Heidenstam's prose has a solemn, architectonic grandeur, an ingenious and forceful lucidity, which is far removed from the conversational, journalistic tone that is forcing its way in everywhere. Yet his poetry has even more a breath of greatness, a resonance and splendor, which we could ill afford to lose.

This style was not his to begin with. Apart from a slight trace of Gallicism, due to living abroad, his early work was incidental rather than typical. The painter and the thinker were not entirely fused in him, but sometimes one spoke, and sometimes the other. It was only when his love of the Orient sucked up into its own

flame both the delight of the eye and the heat of speculation that they were forged into one. It was the light-hearted, joyous Orient, where the twin stars of art and science shone over Islam, the youngest daughter of glorious antiquity, that won his heart. Health and high spirits, spontaneity and courage, strong men and beautiful women, the grandeur of line and the splendor of color, all these fired Heidenstam's enthusiasm, as they had fired Snoilsky's when he visited Italy twenty years earlier. This glorious world he pictured in a style full of graphic characterization and audacious sallies, the expression of a decidedly pagan Epicureanism. It was his protest against the sober utilitarianism and middle class realism of the nineteenth century. His pages teemed with figures; he poured out colors and lavished every means that could appeal to the senses. Goethe has said that a poet must first of all *see*, and this gift has been Heidenstam's from the beginning. Yet in the same period he wrote *Ensamhetens tankar* ("Thoughts of Solitude," poems included in his "Pilgrimages and Wanderyears"), confessions, meditations, rising from the undercurrent of melancholy which is rarely absent from any Northern nature of any depth. The joy of life was his slogan, and is so yet, though the passing years have shifted its emphasis, made it deeper and broader, and transformed it into a spiritual enthusiasm.

When Heidenstam had exhausted the reminiscences of his travels and tired of his polemics against naturalism and the rainy-day philosophers, he wrote *Hans Alienus*. It shows a new style. Beginning with the Roman scenes and the broad every-day epic in the first part, through the rich and glowing imagery in his vision of Sardanapel, to the tender beauty of the closing scene in Sweden, we may trace the author's own development. The verse is especially full of self-expression. He has returned to Sweden and is casting up his accounts. Amid much that is vague, we can see the broad outlines of his own inner conflict, drawn with convincing force as typical of a generation that has exhausted its life-force and needs renewal. "The nineteenth century is not life; it is reflection," is the judgment of Hans Alienus; not to reason, but to be, seemed to him the goal. It is true, Alienus is not strong enough to form himself on his own ideal. His long pilgrimage through the ages and the climes does not lead him anywhere, and it is probably this failure which has prejudiced many against the book. Yet Hans Alienus was also a "costume-maker" and scene-painter as hardly any Swede before him. Where can we find anything to compare with the fervid and sumptuous imagery of his visit to old Babylon? And what can equal the symphonic grandeur of the Christmas Song of the Pilgrim, in which he voices the longing of the wanderer for other ages and nations and for a world flooded in the bright morning light of antiquity?

But the past to which Heidenstam finally turned was not that of Hellas. With his home-coming to Sweden, he had lost all desire to draw the creatures of his fancy from any other race than his own. He looked among the heroes of past ages for that quicker courage and nobler passion for great deeds which it seemed to him self-doubt and lack of faith had destroyed in the present generation. He analyzed the soul of the Swedish people and found it contradictory and full of vagaries, yet rich and interesting, and it was borne in upon him what a characteristic expression of the Swedish temperament was found in the campaigns of Charles the Twelfth and his men. It was not only love of the past but love of country that drew him, for he had found again his vital relation with his own people. Even in his first collection of poems he had written the oft-quoted lines in which the cleaving of the soul to the very earth and stones of the homeland has found imperishable expression:

*"Jag längtar hem sen åtta långa år.
I själftva sömnen har jag längtan känt.
Jag längtar hem. Jag längtar hvar jag går,—
men ej till människor. Jag längtar marken,
jag längtar stenarne där barn jag lekt."*

Yet Heidenstam could not be satisfied with love of the mere physical aspects of the land where he was to build his home. He could not be reconciled to the thought of "the long and niggardly years that weave my fate in a web of gray," and the human beings around him could not rouse his interest. There was too little idealism in contemporary life. He longed for "a national idealism like that of the Norwegians and the Finns, or an even broader one—an idealism so full and clear that it makes the air resound with the singing of bells and every wife hope to bear a Messiah." In such mood, he does not inquire after small individual human lives. In contrast with almost all other writers of his day, Heidenstam, where great issues are at stake, has something hard and cold in his nature, which is akin to the calmness of great and ruthless warriors. In *Natten* ("The Night") he writes:

*"Jag står den åldern nära,
då ingen människorna mer
kan älska eller ära.
Den lärdom sist dock hvar bär hem
att Kains barn ej akta.
Mot det, som högre är än dem
mit hjärta öppnas sakta."*

With a trace of Swedish love of abstract ethics, he chose as his goddess Justice, "which is the end of existence and therefore more

than human beings"—a word which he repeats in *Inbillningens logik* ("The Logic of Imagination"), saying of the poet Ignotus: "He could not love men, because he loved righteousness; he loved that which was greater than men." The sense of abstract justice runs through the thirty-four stories in "The Carolines" and is the keynote of their greatness.

The hero is not Charles himself and only in an indirect way the Swedish people, but rather the Swedish spirit. Although bygone ages are reproduced with consummate art, we do not feel historical interest to be the motive impulse. It is possible to read "The Carolines" through, without being conscious that it is an account of a war in which the Swedes exhausted every drop of their strength to hold back Russia for half a century from overwhelming the nations of Central Europe, but it is not possible to read it without feeling that king and people were one in straining every power in a great cause. It was the categorical imperative in human form. The spoiled darling forgets his ailments and does loyal service as a soldier. The slender rapier of the *petite-maitre* becomes as terrible as the heavy broadsword in the hands of the brawny rustic. The shrunken form of the old crofter's wife acquires the toughness and endurance of the hardened warrior. The embittered soldier, wounded to death, stifles between his lips the curses against the cruel warring in order that his comrades may storm the walls with unabated courage. The councillors forget that the king is laying his land waste and press the crown of martyrdom more firmly down on their own heads and those of the people by levying fresh taxes. The peasants clamor for their right as freemen to be led out to battle. There is perfect national unity, and none asks whether a deed is possible, but only whether it is the call of duty. And thus they win imperishable renown and the love of their descendants, for "beloved was the people that even in the collapse of its power made its poverty honored before the world."

After completing "The Carolines" it was some time before Heidenstam found another great subject, though he published some slighter things such as essays and travel sketches. Meanwhile his imagination was still hovering over the past and produced *Sankt Göran och draken* ("St. George and the Dragon"), appearing in 1900, *Heliga Birgittas Pilgrimsfärd* ("The Pilgrimage of St. Birgitta"), 1901, *Skogen susar* ("The Breath of the Forest"), 1904. In some of these the form is more flawless than ever before, and that element of the grotesque which sometimes was woven into the story of "The Carolines" is entirely absent.

With *Folkungaträdet* ("The Tree of the Folkungs") Heidenstam began, in 1905, another creative historical work on a large scale. The first part is called *Folke Filbyter* and is the first novel we have

dealing with the beginnings of Swedish civilization and the formation of the Swedish nation. From the fragmentary hints in old tales of a mythical Folke Filbyter, the author has formed a new and individual character. The founder of the Folkunga house is a hard, surly, grasping fellow, to whom the land and the family are all in all. He has the harshness and narrowness of the founder, and here as elsewhere, Heidenstam is inclined to justify ruthlessness where the end is unity. His protest against the individualists of the nineteenth century is here voiced in the name of the race and the nation.

Yet the story is not only that of "a seed hidden in the ground until a tree could grow," but also a tale of human life. Old Folke is not only a vigorous, headstrong creator; he is also an unhappy and lonely man. The affecting story of the old man's despairing, futile search for his lost grandson lies far from the main theme and is, in fact, not necessary to the final tragedy, but seems to have a personal significance and to be indirectly a confession of deeper soul-suffering than we find in any of Heidenstam's other works. The tragedy of Folke Filbyter is the cleavage between the generations, divided by different views of life, different aims, and different modes of speech, and this is essentially the same as the tragedy of the great man.

Heidenstam has always been inclined to view the world as a place where the victor's wreath was given to the wicked and the crown of thorns to the champions of great causes. We can feel the author's own heart beating in the indignant words of the old blind Jacob, who is tormented for years in the house of Filbyter, because he had stolen and carried away his grandson. "There was a time when I called down curses upon the injustice of the world, but I do so no more. Nay, scourge our bodies with thy hard wings, oh, Injustice, and wake us, wake us! Injustice is the gnarled and thorny wood that must be piled high before the fire can be kindled.—What would the world round about us be, if the good were to lose the certainty of punishment and begin to count on reward just like the wicked? Then good would be worse than evil. Rewards are the work of men, and through them they labor on their own destruction by shaking the foundations of injustice. How everything great shrinks and grows small when rewarded according to its deserts! But that which is downed by injustice continues to cry, young and imperishable, even from the grave. Injustice is the deepest and holiest thing that was instilled into the world in order to call forth strong beings."

Nor does any reward come to Magnus in *Bjälboarfvet* ("The Bjälbo Heritage"). He is the incarnation of will and strength, the inheritor of all the noblest powers of his family. He is the Charles the Ninth of early days and at the same time a Nouredin who suc-

ceeds. Yet when he should be pondering the great work before him, he is tortured by scruples over the necessity of tearing the crown from his incompetent brother, the sunny and pleasure-loving Valdemar. In spite of the mass of historic and ethnographic material that is fused in this book, it shows a richer and more varied fancy than any of his earlier works. A special chapter would be required to analyze the original technique by which Heidenstam is able to blend description, lyricism, narrative, and exhortation, and even then the analysis would be useless if it failed to take into account the fiery imagination in which the whole is forged.

A survey of Heidenstam's work in recent years shows a growing earnestness, which is never gloomy or depressing, but full of hope and human sympathy, looking always for the vision of the ages, the underlying purpose that binds together the generations. He has himself said that his writings are to be considered religious in the widest sense. It cannot be denied that Heidenstam has a tendency to be sententious and a marvellous aptitude for fashioning slogans, but his moral power does not rest upon these. It is rather due to the high and fervid enthusiasm that has grown out of his old joy in the physical life. Read the bit called *Lasse Lucidors död* ("Lasse Lucidor's Death"). Never did the good for nothing idler who bore that name dream so great a dream as that which Heidenstam makes him relate of the blind Greek poet who praised the home of the Hyperboreans as the Atlantis of the myths. Never did that poor fool voice such an exhortation as Heidenstam puts into his mouth and directs to his own countrymen. Love your life and your work, he says; you have no love, that is what ails you. "When did you ever see any one among us who labored in love? Why are our boats and tackle so ugly, and why are the crocks there on the shelf so clumsy? It is because they are made without care and without love. If any would not work neither should he eat, but you want to eat all the time, and therefore you have to work all the time, never feeling any love or joy in it, never longing to get back to your tools, tired and weary before you have begun.—Mark this, the miracle of love is that it can ennoble the small and make it great; the work becomes worthy, and you become worthy, merely because you possess love. He who has not love is weary even in his youth, and even though he has the greatest strength he does not know what to do with it." With this exquisite gospel of the joy of living Heidenstam tries to dispel the heaviness and darkness which material drudgery has spread over the nations. In this conception of life he unites his own proud craving for beauty and his longing for the physical and spiritual freshness of antiquity with his love for Sweden and the Swedes.

Beginning with the nineties, Heidenstam's work has emphasized

the national element in a way that no other Swedish writer has ventured upon since the eighties, when Strindberg punched the patriotic windbags, but unfortunately also initiated that belittling of the homeland which has persisted in some quarters down to the present time. Heidenstam has roused again our love of country and has broadened it. He can even say with Atterbom: "Oh, to rest in Swedish earth!" but his patriotism is no empty phrase. It is akin rather to that of Byron and Petöfi, which never tires of making great demands, and often finds expression only in censure and scoffing. His reproaches in *Svenskarnas lynne* ("The Swedish Temperament") have fallen on a people where self-judgment is not always quick to act, but where it is nevertheless a guest of honor from times of old. Nor has he stood apart in gloomy isolation when he dealt the blows. "Every new day makes the world a day better," he said to the students of his neighborhood when they gathered to do him homage. "To claim that groaning female slaves and beasts of burden drag the mills of the world is an optical illusion," is another of his sayings.

In the midst of that strife of all against all, which in our day has been formulated into a theory of life, Heidenstam has bravely stood for pride, courage, joy in labor, and love of country. Though himself an aristocrat and a lonely man among Swedish writers, he becomes a democrat when it is a question of uniting all in the common work for the people "the greatness of which is the goal of our life." He becomes religious in his striving for that which is greater than individual happiness and in his will to make existence itself a worship. "The world awaits the birth of God," says the wanderer in *Guds födelse* ("The Birth of God"). It is an echo of the line from Homer, "Wherever men dwell, towards the gods is their longing," and even more clearly Heidenstam expresses his faith in the words "Man cast the slough of the beast the first time he raised an altar."

Heidenstam's fervent patriotism and ever-increasing historic interest have led him to a task of the greatest importance, that of writing a reader for Swedish children. The first volume appeared for Christmas, 1908, with the title *Svenskarna och deras höfdingar* ("The Swedes and Their Chieftains"). "It has been to me a labor of love," he declared. "Too often we show but little love for our own, and is it not because we think too little of the unspeakable struggles, the hard external conditions under which our Swedish home was built up through the long centuries? Should not the memory of the past cleanse it from lies and frivolities, from unrighteousness and weakness, and make it a yet fairer and greater home for sound and brave children of men?" Though bound by the requirements of the school, this work yet shows the mighty creative power of the writer. Some of the stories, such as the introduction to the

stone age and *En julnatt på Finsta* ("Christmas Night at Finsta") with the young Birgitta as the central figure, and the tale of Tolv Ula's turbulent career—to mention but a few—are poetic productions strongly colored by the age in which the scene is laid, and yet borne up by the strong-winged imagination characteristic of Heidenstam.

There could be no better proof of how deeply national and truly popular was the literary renaissance of the nineties than the fact that two of its greatest leaders have been asked to write books for the use of Swedish children in school and in doing so have achieved brilliant successes. What other country could show anything equal to Heidenstam's and Selma Lagerlöf's two readers, and what other people has seen two of its greatest writers humbly using their genius in the service of the schools?

—Translated and condensed.

Benvenuto Cellini

By CARL SNOILSKY

Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

"Cellini, play the man," King Francis said.

"You work on trifles longer than is right.

Cast me a Zeus whose like ne'er saw the light."

The king had bidden, and the man obeyed.

Into the mould the master's hand had made

The metal ran. But view Cellini's plight!

The bronze gives out. Shall all be ruined quite,

The artist baffled and the king betrayed?

What did Cellini? Reckless of the cost,

He threw his precious toys into the fire;

There stood the god, a masterpiece entire.

So many golden dreams of youth are lost,

In life and art. But mourn not such bereavement,

'Tis only thus we win to full achievement.



AT THE FOLDS, ACT II

Icelandic Drama at Harvard

THE first appearance of Jóhann Sigurjónsson upon the American stage took place January 26 and 27 at the Agassiz House Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, when *Eyvind of the Hills* was produced before an audience of critics by Professor George P. Baker and the "47 Workshop" of Harvard University. This was followed on March 13 by a public performance in Boston, in Jordan Hall, under the auspices of the American Scandinavian Foundation, of which Professor William H. Schofield of Harvard is the president, assisted by the Scandinavian societies of Boston. The profits will be given to the Red Cross for hospital work in the United States.

The Boston newspapers devoted columns to the production. Commenting on the scenery, the Boston *Advertiser* says:

"The stage settings and costumes are especially noteworthy, much care having been taken to have them both artistic and accurate. The scenery was especially painted by Mr. Huger Elliott and others, while the services of a noted Icelfander, Dr. Hermannson of Cornell University, were secured in connection with the costuming and properties. The scene of the first act is set in a typical Icelandic dwelling house of the middle of the eighteenth century, and that of the fourth act is within a tiny cabin in the mountains to which the outlaw and his wife have fled. The other two acts are set in the heart of the colorful volcanic mountains, the scene painting being typical of the newer art of the stage, with highly colored drops depicting the wild lava fields of the mountains."

No pains were spared to make the presentation historical. The whole effect was indeed strikingly exotic and carried one bodily over to an island civilization remote from our day and time. How

happy the device of introducing a great white gull's wing as a broom to sweep Halla's floor!

Of the heroine's role, the *Journal* says:

"Rachel Butler played Halla, giving a creditable performance. She was more at ease in the lighter moments of the first and second acts than in the tragic heights of the third and fourth. The role of Halla is one that would tax to the utmost the histrionic art of Nazimova—who would be the ideal actress to play it—so it is only surprising that Miss Butler was able to give as capable a piece of work as she showed us last evening."

Philip Hale in the *Herald* finds that

"Faults in structure and the vague characterization of Halla are overlooked by reason of the grim earnestness of the dramatist, who at times falls into a truly poetic vein that does not check the slow, but steady, movement towards the tragic end."

In concluding a two-column review of the performance the *Transcript* pays a tribute to Mr. Sigurjónsson.

"All this," says the *Transcript*, "Mr. Sigurjónsson sets upon page and stage in the stark, simple fashion of not a little of his Northern theatre in the plays of its own soil and spirit. He is direct and economical of word, using none wastefully, none for mere ornament, none without implication of his drama. Yet he writes neither baldly nor literally after the manner of the pseudo-realists. He is capable of poetic image, simple and direct still; he can underlay the speech of his personages with poetic as well as dramatic and characterizing suggestion.



IN THE SNOW-STORM, ACT IV

. . . The suspense of oncoming doom, marching, marching, marching upon those who have stretched their common being beyond what human nature may endure, who have done that for which man and woman must pay, fills the silences of the third act; while against it trembles as in rift of the blackness the play of the lonely child, the tenderness of Halla, mother, toward her. And in the final scene, in the hut of the starved, the despairing, the doomed, fate screams, clutches, mangles its victims in the voice and by the means that are the stark power of the theatre raised high upon the personages that are its subjects and the audience that is its object. Mr. Sigurjónsson does not stop too soon."

The "47 Workshop" is an outgrowth of the courses in dramatic technique conducted by Professor George P. Baker at Harvard and Radcliffe. The Workshop is not in the usual sense a theatre. It is simply what the name implies, a working place for young dramatists—men and women who are students of any of the arts connected with the stage: acting, producing, stage setting, the newer methods of lighting, etc. Naturally the Workshop prefers American dramas and plays written by its own members, and the presentation of *Eyvind* is a radical departure forced by the merits of the play and its appeal for presentation upon the American stage. It is hoped that Sigurjónsson thus introduced will find a permanent place in the repertory of our smaller theatres.

Art for the Belligerents

MEMBERS of the Student Christian Movement of Denmark have sent out a message from the world of art to their comrades in the midst of the World War; whether neutrals or belligerents in the trenches or in the prison camps. This message consists of a portfolio of twenty Bible pictures from paintings by Joakim Skovgaard. The pictures are accompanied by an English text. The introduction expresses the fervent hope: "May Joakim Skovgaard's representations of biblical characters and scenes, familiar to us from childhood, lead on to that power of faith which may vanquish all that stupefies and oppresses the mind. Our motto is the ancient Christian message to the Church: *Sursum corda* (lift up your hearts), and this very message we should like to bring from the Master, in whom there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, and in whom the hope for a better future for the world must be centred." Two of the pictures are reproduced in this issue of the REVIEW, one on the cover, the other on page 136.

Interesting People: Niels Juul

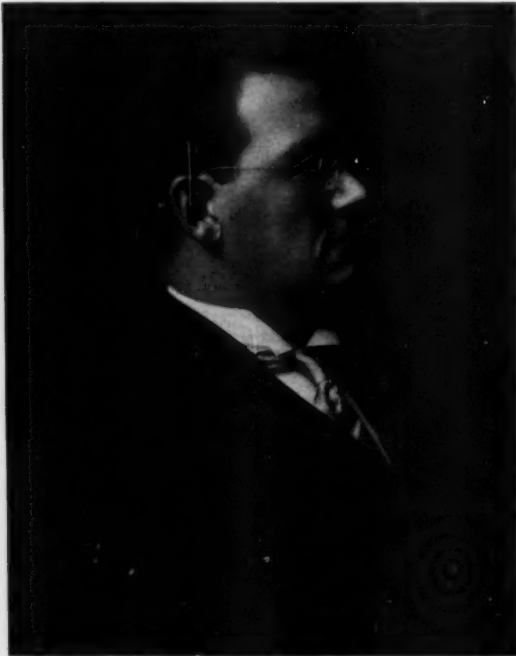
AMONG the new faces in the next House of Representatives will be that of Niels Juul, who was elected on the Republican ticket from the Seventh Congressional District of Illinois, extending over the northwestern part of Chicago, and northwestern part of Cook County.

Niels Juul was born in Denmark, and, with all his public activities, has not forgotten his "jyske" mother tongue nor lost his interest in the welfare of his countrymen as well as other Scandinavians, either in the old or in the new country. He is honorary member of the Danish Singing Society, Harmonien, and has served as president of the United Scandinavian Singers of America. Mr. Juul has lived

in Chicago, since he came from Denmark, in 1880. He began as a book agent and afterwards went into the publishing business for himself, but decided to study law and graduated from the law department of Lake Forest University in 1898.

In the same year, he was elected to the State Senate of Illinois, where he served for sixteen years, becoming the dean of the Senate. His record there is one of constructive legislation in behalf of social reform, such as few men have been able to show in a like span of years. He had hardly taken his seat in the Legislature, before he introduced and put through the bill which abolished township government in Chicago.

Mr. Juul has steadily striven to make the living conditions of the laboring classes easier. His tax reform bill, known as the Juul Tax Law, has limited the power of politicians to levy taxes on the small property-owner, and his advocacy of open-air recreation centers in crowded districts has given to his home city its admirable chain of small parks. He has taken an active part in promoting laws that have for their object the security of the life and health of workers in dangerous or harmful occupations. He was largely instrumental in



NIELS JUUL

abolishing the Cook County prison feeding scandals. His espousal of the Russian Jews in the Russian passport oppression (which later became the subject of a treaty agreement between Russia and the United States) has won him the appreciation of all freedom-loving citizens.

Perhaps the activity of the former state senator which is freshest in the minds of people in general, is his connection with the Illinois State Wage and Vice Commission. As secretary, he attended all its investigation meetings and its conferences with all the various vice and wage inquiring bodies in the country. Mr. Juul has always believed that wage-earners should be adequately paid, but this investigation convinced him more than ever that, if the health and morals of the community were to be insured, the minimum wage could not go below a figure that would maintain a definite standard of living. He demanded that the American working girl should receive at least what the black slaves were given—food, lodging, and raiment—and meanwhile, to protect the weak girl, he put through legislation which raised the age of consent, and which defined and prohibited pandering. And the injustice which he saw the working woman often had to suffer in labor competition with men, caused him to change his previous strong anti-suffrage views in favor of women voting. With no little courage, when the suffrage bill was up for ballot before the Senate, he publicly declared the reasons for his change of belief.

In his four terms of public service to Illinois, for many years of which he held the responsible position of chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Niels Juul has shown himself a statesman of marked ability, a statesman who looks upon his office as an opportunity of serving his fellow men and of righting the wrongs of the oppressed, and it is only safe to assume that he will serve his state and his country in their national relations with the same measure of sincerity, honesty, and loyalty.

Editorial

Progress An important move was made by the Board of Trustees when the new president, Professor Schofield, the chairman of the Endowment Committee, Mr. Hamilton Holt, and the Secretary undertook, with the approval of the Board, though at their own expense, a ten-days' trip (February 1 to 10) to Chicago, Madison, and Minneapolis, in order to get better acquainted with leading Scandinavians there and to secure larger co-operation on the part of residents of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota in the work of the Foundation.

In Chicago, Mr. Oscar H. Haugan, one of the Board of Trustees, arranged a large dinner of prominent citizens of the Scandinavian community (among them the consuls of the three nations), who heard with deep interest of the ideals, hopes, and occupations of the Board and its office staff. At the end those present voted enthusiastically to organize in Chicago an Advisory Committee of the Foundation, with Mr. Haugan as temporary chairman. It was at this dinner that Mr. Charles S. Peterson, who will probably be made permanent chairman of the Advisory Committee, made his generous offer, already announced, to endow the CLASSICS for two years, an earnest, it is felt, of many similar benefactions from others. The representatives of the Foundation enjoyed much kind hospitality in Chicago and were enabled to explain the needs of the Foundation to several public-spirited men, who are likely to show their sympathy with its work in some such tangible way as the establishment of fellowships for ambitious students.

In Madison a pleasant dinner, similar to that in Chicago, was arranged by Professor Julius E. Olson and Mr. Edward B. Steensland at the Madison Club, and steps were taken towards the formation of a Wisconsin Advisory Committee, with Professor Olson as chairman, which is sure to forward the interests of the Foundation in that state.

In Minneapolis one or all of the representatives of the Board spoke at luncheons at the Minneapolis Club, the Odin Club, and the Northwestern Miller, also to 1,500 students of the South Minneapolis High School. They were cordially received by Governor Burnquist at the Capitol in St. Paul, by President Vincent at the University of Minnesota, and by other leaders of the community, such as ex-Governor John Lind. The visit to Minneapolis was especially fruitful of constructive ideas for the development of the Foundation's work in the northwest, and may lead to its co-operation in a new undertaking of importance to the Scandinavians there. The representatives of the Board were greatly stimulated by the

interest of American as well as Scandinavian citizens of Minneapolis (the contrast is only intended to indicate a difference of descent, for all the Minnesotans the visitors met were fine blue-blooded and red-blooded Americans) and they have high hopes of valuable aid from an Advisory Committee now established there, representing not simply the Scandinavian element but the whole of the community.

The Committee, of which ex-Governor Lind will probably be chairman, is composed of Henry A. Bellows, editor of *The Bellman*; Joseph Breck, director of the Art Institute; M. L. Burton, the new president of the University of Minnesota; Dr. Richard Burton, the author; John Crosby, a representative business man; A. C. Floan, merchant; E. C. Gale, lawyer; J. T. Gerould, librarian of the University; Dr. J. C. Granrud, professor at the University and formerly general field secretary of the Foundation; Rev. C. A. Hagström; Carl G. D. Hansen; Consul E. H. Hobe; Dr. D. J. Johnson, head of Gustavus Adolphus College; Dr. J. N. Kildahl; Hon. John Lind; A. C. Nelson; Dr. Frank Nelson of Minnesota College; Vice-Consul John C. Nelson; State Auditor J. A. D. Preus; Dr. Soren P. Rees; C. G. Schulz, state superintendent of schools; J. U. Sebenius of Duluth; T. J. Skellet; Professor A. A. Stomberg of the University; Dr. Arthur Sweeny; Laurits S. Swenson, former minister to Denmark and Norway; Professor J. Jörgen Thompson of St. Olaf College; S. J. Turnblad, publisher; and Consul C. E. Wallerstedt. They will shortly announce their plans of co-operation.

Professor Schofield, Mr. Holt, and the Secretary beg to extend warm thanks to all those who, by courtesy and counsel, friendly encouragement and wise suggestion, made their western trip one of pleasure and stimulation to themselves as well as a benefit to the Foundation.

The Ericsson Monument Few nation-wide interests of people of Swedish descent in this country will awaken more cordial response than the popular collection for a monument in Washington to the memory of the great engineer of Swedish birth who, by his genius in conceiving the *Monitor*, saved the destinies of the Union on the seas. Congratulations are due Mr. S. Adolf Eckberg, Chairman of the John Ericsson Memorial Commission, through whose untiring efforts chiefly the last Congress was persuaded to appropriate \$35,000 for a memorial to John Ericsson in Washington. On March 10 the Commission—consisting of about fifty members, all of whom, with one exception, are of Swedish descent—met in Chicago and voted to raise in addition \$25,000 by popular subscription. This earnest of a purpose to aid Congress in making Washington beautiful has received cordial endorsement

from members of the Government. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels, writes: "It is gratifying that all now recognize Ericsson's service to his adopted country, which merits for him this recognition by the Federal Government. I was glad to see the memorial authorized. While Ericsson's memory will always be cherished by the American people, especially among those in the Naval Service to which he rendered such signal co-operation, it is but natural that those of our citizens of Scandinavian extraction should love to have a special part in honoring him. He gave distinction alike to his native and to his adopted country. I think the action of the Committee in voting to augment the appropriation made by Congress displays a very fine spirit." Senator Williams writes: "It is so inspiring to see that there are people who want to express their idea of the beautiful and their idea of public service independently of the public treasury."

Heroes of the Deep

"It is necessary to sail the sea; it is not necessary to live"—the time-honored sailors' motto has taken on a deeper significance now than ever before. Every day the sailors of Scandinavia go out, in their unarmed boats, facing death with a "three o'clock in the morning courage." They do this under no military compulsion, with no glamour of patriotism, in no rage of battle, but in simple, unpretentious loyalty to their jobs. Many have paid the penalty with their lives; others have gone mad or been crippled by their sufferings in small boats exposed to the wintry seas, but they have never faltered. Where one crew has dropped out, another has taken its place. Their service to civilization will not be the least when the final accounts of this war are cast up. It is necessary to sail the sea—more than ever in our days, since the nations are dependent on their complicated system of trade. So long as Scandinavia has its brave seafaring men, the sea will be sailed, in spite of kings and emperors.

A Traveling Library

The Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission offers for the use of any community in that state having a Swedish-speaking population the King Oscar Traveling Library. The books are packed in a neat case and are all substantially bound in the national colors, either blue or buff, and have the national insignia stamped in gold on the cover, surrounded by the words "Oscar II's Vandringsbibliotek." The books are a well-selected collection of general literature, including some translations of English and American authors. These traveling libraries are a part of the educational program of Sweden.

**American-
Scandinavian
Financing**

The enormous trade between Europe and America resulting from the war calls for exceptional financial facilities, and the great banking houses of London and New York have unquestionably been the chief mediums in the transaction of business that involves millions upon millions of dollars. The big loans placed in the United States likewise necessitate special financing. All things considered, the possibility of New York City becoming in the near future the money center of the world has passed beyond the range of speculation. Dollar exchange appears an accomplished fact.

In view of the evident growth of commercial intercourse between the Scandinavian countries and the American continent, leading financiers in Norway, Denmark, and Sweden have for some time been seeking methods that might prove especially advantageous to the business interests of the Northern nations. The lull in American-Scandinavian transportation, after all, can be but a temporary matter, and with the restoration of peace throughout the world increased traffic is bound to be of such proportions that whichever country possesses a well-equipped merchant marine must perforce profit to a remarkable extent.

Basing calculations on present and future requirements of the nations now at war, banking interests in Norway, co-operating with kindred interests in the United States, decided upon the establishment in New York City of a financial institution that should cater particularly to the furthering of business with the Western world. That is, the Scandinavian Trust Company, as now organized with headquarters at Broadway and Exchange Place, New York, aims at occupying a position whereby trade between Scandinavia and all the nations in the Western hemisphere can be facilitated, and the essential financial transactions be made as easy as expert advice and service make it possible. The capital at the command of the promoters of this enterprise is so ample that success is a foregone conclusion. One of the signs that the Scandinavian Trust Company means to become a permanent addition to New York's banking coterie is the fact that there has been no hurry in getting under way. Rather, the sponsors for this new financial institution were mainly concerned that every handicap be removed before throwing open the doors of the handsome quarters in lower Broadway. Apparently, the after-war business is primarily the goal of the Scandinavian Trust Company, and it is this purpose that removes the newcomer from the realm of the momentary and furnishes it with the stamp of permanency.

Notwithstanding the losses sustained by reason of the indiscriminate submarine warfare, Scandinavia's merchant marine continues to occupy a foremost place among the world's shipping inter-

ests. Besides, the new tonnage ordered in the United States, is not only expected to make good recurrent losses but should add considerably to the strength of the fleets in the Northern seas. Norway, in particular, has been enterprising in respect to new vessels, and while at this writing there is some apprehension regarding the intention of the American Government touching ships built in the United States for foreign accounts, it is expected that Scandinavian orders will be finished and delivered as per contracts. This ship-building business will naturally call for financial transactions, in which an institution like the Scandinavian Trust Company may become an invaluable intermediary.

The personnel of the new banking house speaks for itself. The president is A. V. Ostrom, formerly vice-president of the Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis. T. Barth is vice-president and treasurer. The board of directors is composed as follows: John Andersen, John F. Berwind, W. R. Roe, Samuel L. Fuller, Charles S. Haight, E. A. Cappelen-Smith, E. O. Holter, James F. Bell, and Edward Geer. All these men have long and intimate knowledge of American affairs in relation to international business and requirements. Their connection with the Scandinavian Trust Company is an augury of stability and such strict adherence to principles as to inspire entire confidence.

While Scandinavia has for years been conspicuous in trade with the South American countries, the war not only called for exceptional methods in the transportation field, but the financial issues growing out of the changed conditions necessitated special handling. To aid monetary transactions, the Scandinavian Trust Company will pay considerable attention to this field. Naturally, the banks of Christiania, Bergen, Copenhagen, and Stockholm should find it advantageous to make use of the added financial machinery provided by the coming of the new bank in New York. Devastated Europe will be unable to do much more than merely order what is needed after the war. Other nations, neutrals with shipping facilities, will be called upon to furnish the articles essential for reconstruction. Here Denmark, Norway, and Sweden loom as chief agencies at hand.

Scandinavian bankers have wisely decided to invest much of the surplus now at their command in enterprises looking to their profit in the future. New companies with millions of capital have been organized. Chiefly, eyes are centered on the new world, but Asia and other parts of the far East are not being overlooked. Denmark, for instance, has been a pioneer in Eastern exploitation, and extension of work there is already under way. South America, as already mentioned, will be receiving the close attention of Scandinavian business interests.

With the fusing of the two Norwegian-American chambers of

commerce in the United States into what is now the Norwegian-American Chamber of Commerce, Inc., with offices at 17 State Street, New York City, a new element of interest has been created tending to facilitate American-Scandinavian financing. The Norwegian-American Chamber of Commerce has already more than justified its advent here. It is proving an invaluable link in the chain of American-Scandinavian intercourse. With a growing membership, and officers who disinterestedly give themselves to the work in hand, this organization, as well as the Swedish-American Chamber of Commerce, have become factors of importance in the trade expansion touching Scandinavia and the New World. The Scandinavian Trust Company, therefore, may confidently look for a most valuable co-operation in this field, and on its part, the new banking house will lend dignity and solidarity to everything tending to promote the business and financial intercourse between America and Scandinavia.

JULIUS MORITZEN.

America's Asset A trustee of the Foundation, Mr. John A. Gade, has recently returned to New York after four months of work with the Belgian Relief Commission. He was in charge of a district in southern Belgium and northern France. Since his return, he has been speaking and collecting money for the cause and has found that hands are still opened and hearts beating warm in sympathy with the suffering people of Belgium. We prefer to quote Mr. Gade's own words on that international bond of charity which is one of the light points in the darkness of this war. "The Belgian Relief Work is our greatest asset in Europe today. There was never anything like it in history—a whole nation loving another nation as the Belgians love us. And such a nation! They seem purified by suffering; self is wiped out, and there is nothing left but country. There are many things one would like to forget: the young boys going out in carloads and being brought back corpses, and the starving children; but I am thankful to have been there and have had the privilege of helping. Herbert C. Hoover is the greatest man this war has produced, greater than Joffre, greater than Hindenburg, and what he has done rests on the quality people are prone to belittle, character. Character and idealism and willingness to decentralize responsibility have done the work. The relief will certainly be continued. The most important thing is to get the food to the borders of the country, and that we can still take care of. The distribution is done by the Belgians themselves and Dutch, and remember that although three relief ships have been destroyed, five hundred and seven have come through in safety."

Current Events

Sweden

¶ A cable from London, dated March 28, states that the King has accepted the resignation of the entire cabinet headed by Mr. Hammarskjöld. The question of the defenses threatened to disrupt the ministry as early as the latter days of February, when the Government called for an appropriation of 30,000,000 kronor. The standing financial committee of the Riksdag cut the amount down to 10,000,000, and in spite of the urgent personal appeal of the prime minister in the upper house and the foreign minister in the lower house, the Riksdag, in joint session, voted to sustain the recommendation of the financial committee. The difference was more formal than real, since all parties have declared their willingness to make whatever sacrifices the defenses require, although they thought it unnecessary to have so large an advance appropriation. The ministry thereupon resigned, and consented to stand temporarily only at the request of the King. ¶ There is a strong Liberal element which is inclined to criticise Mr. Hammarskjöld for his pro-German tendencies and favors Mr. Wallenberg, the former foreign minister, who is more friendly to the Entente. Mr. Hammarskjöld was criticised for the tone of his reply to President Wilson, which expressed the refusal to sever diplomatic relations with Germany in much tarter words than those used in the similar notes of Denmark and Norway. ¶ He was likewise taken severely to task in the Riksdag by the Socialist, Hjalmar Branting, for the refusal of the State Insurance Commission to issue insurance to ships about to enter the German submarine zone, although insurance had been issued to ships running the British blockade around Germany. The prime minister repudiated the idea of partiality to one belligerent above another, and explained that it was considered wise to await the developments of the submarine blockade. ¶ A law has now been put through the Riksdag authorizing the Insurance Commission to issue insurance at higher rates than the former maximum of seven per cent. Sweden is thus making an effort to resume traffic, which for a few weeks was quite paralyzed. The stoppage of the Bergen-Newcastle route affected the traffic by land from Russia over Haparanda, which was so heavy during the first years of the war. ¶ Sweden is now almost wholly dependent on German trade. Dispensations from the strict embargo on food are therefore granted occasionally, and Sweden still sends to Germany some food, which she can ill spare, in return for coal and iron, which she needs even more. ¶ Sweden will represent Austria in Washington.

Norway

¶ The beginning of the new year marked the opening of the darkest period that Norway has seen since the declaration of war. On January 1 came the British order cutting off the supply of coal, in reprisal for the shipment to Germany of pyrites contrary to an agreement with England. When the Norwegian Government had investigated the matter and agreed to submit it to arbitration, the embargo on coal was removed. In the meantime, however, the supply in Norway had run dangerously low, and ships had been withdrawn from the coal trade. The German submarine order had gone into effect and rendered all trade with England even more difficult than before. Moreover England imposed certain conditions. Every Norwegian ship was required to make two trips with coal to some French Channel port or one to an Atlantic port before being allowed to load for the return trip to its own country. The maximum freight rates for these expeditions to England's allies were fixed by England, and were said by Norwegian shippers to be quite ruinous, especially in view of the increased danger from German submarines. ¶ Under these circumstances, the Norwegian Government did not feel able to relax its strict regulations against waste of coal. All stores, offices, and industrial plants were required to fire as little as possible and only between the hours of eight and four, restaurants were closed at ten, and thirty thousand school children in Christiania were given an enforced vacation. ¶ The submarine war has borne harder on Norway than on Denmark and Sweden, since she not only produces less food, but is economically more dependent on the profits from her shipping. Up to the end of January, Norway had lost, from mines and torpedoes, 205 sailors and 299 vessels with a total tonnage of 408,000. Nevertheless the new submarine order caused scarcely a momentary stoppage in the traffic, and the Government emphasized the national disregard of Germany's order by not even raising the war insurance rates. ¶ Identical notes of protest were sent by the three Scandinavian countries, on February 13, pointing out the illegal nature of the submarine blockade, and reserving the right to call Germany to account for all loss of life and property that might result from it. ¶ *Morgenbladet* sees even harder times ahead of Norway in the event of war between the United States and Germany, which may cause disturbance in the American export trade. The paper advises the three Scandinavian countries to see what can be done through economic co-operation, each country applying its surplus to relieve the want of the other two. ¶ The conviction is growing that Norway must also try to become independent of the foreign coal supply by utilizing her waterfalls for power and light, and her forests and peat for fuel.

Denmark

¶ Twelve hundred sick prisoners of war, six hundred Russians and six hundred Germans and Austrians, are to be cared for in Denmark. Two camps have been built, one near Viborg and the other near Elsinore, and have been equipped with every convenience and comfort, even to a church. The belligerents are to pay a minimum price for the food consumed, but other current expenses, as well as the cost of erecting the camps, have been guaranteed by the Danish Government, though it is hoped that the cost will ultimately be defrayed through private subscription. The arrangements are in the hands of a committee headed by Prince Valdemar. The camps are open to prisoners suffering with tuberculosis or slighter chronic diseases or light surgical cases. ¶ The news of the severance of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany was received with dismay in Denmark and contributed, with the new German submarine order, to curtail shipping. Most serious of all is the lack of coal, which has been the greater hardship as the winter was unusually severe. The Öresund was frozen, a thing that has happened but rarely in historical times, and it was necessary for icebreakers to force a way for the ferries to Sweden. Mining for coal in the Faroes was begun in time to aid the spring fisheries in adjoining waters. It has also been suggested that the brown coal in Jutland might be utilized, though it has only one-half or two-thirds the heating value of good hard coal. ¶ *Politiken* likens the condition of Denmark to the fate of Midas who starved to death surrounded by gold. Though Denmark herself produces meat, milk, and eggs, and is therefore not so badly off as Norway, yet this production is dependent on the receipt of fodder from abroad. The Government has taken steps to prevent wholesale butchering and the consequent glutting of the home market. Several other staple articles of food have been scarce for a long time. The failure of the potato crop bore hard on the poor. White bread has almost doubled in price, and the Government decided to issue bread cards beginning April 1, while sugar cards have been in use since January 1. As an instance of the cost of such administrative machinery it may be mentioned that the distribution of sugar cards to the citizens of Copenhagen consumed three days and cost 22,000 kroner. ¶ The Government has laid before the Rigsdag elaborate plans for improving the traffic conditions in the country. The plan calls for an appropriation of 60,000,000 kroner, and includes a network of double track roads in Jutland, a ferry from Aarhus to Kallundborg, a bridge from Masnedö to Falster, and fishery harbors on the west coast of Jutland. ¶ Textile factories have been obliged to close down on account of shortage of cotton. About ten thousand workmen are employed in textile industries.

Books

PELLE THE CONQUEROR. DAYBREAK. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated from the Danish by Jessie Muir. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1916. \$1.35.

This is the fourth and last volume of the Pelle series, which, as readers of the reviews of the earlier volumes will remember, deals with the fortunes of a labor leader whose childhood is spent on the island of Bornholm (Vol. I, *Boyhood*), whose early youth passes while he is apprenticed to a shoemaker in a little town on the same island (Vol. II, *Apprenticeship*), and whose early manhood is spent in fighting the oppressive reign of capitalism in Copenhagen (Vol. III, *The Great Struggle*). Now, in the fourth volume (*Daybreak*), he continues the conflict and seems likely, at the end, to lead it to a happy conclusion.

The fourth volume is very much shorter than any of those that precede it (275 pages). It begins with Pelle's release from prison, and brings him back to his wife Ellen, who meanwhile has supported, by her labor, not only their two children, but also another child, "Boy Comfort," of whom Pelle knows nothing. This is the child of the unhappy Marie of the third volume, who, just before Pelle's imprisonment, had spent a short period of free love with Pelle. Ellen took charge of this child when its mother died in childbirth, because Marie had informed her that Pelle was the father. It appears to be a great relief to Pelle to learn that the boy was not the result of the wretched days in which Ellen had been driven by his poverty to earn money for them by prostitution.

There is about both these situations a naturalness that would have been impossible in an American novel a few years ago, yet we have come to the point now where we accept such things not only in translated novels, such as *Pelle the Conqueror*, but also in the productions of our own talent. There is therefore no particular reason to herald this treatment, in *Pelle*, as something entirely courageous and unheard of. Nexö might have rendered his problem a little more difficult, and, by consequence, a little more worthy of study, if he had permitted the child to be the illegitimate offspring of Ellen's prostitution. We cannot suppress a slight suspicion that traces of the double standard of morality still linger in Nexö's system of philosophy, for why should he otherwise have shunned the interesting situation of Pelle's accepting the child of his wife's compulsory immorality as readily as she accepts the offspring of his own lapses?

The new volume furnishes, as far as I can see, no new light on the labor problem, nor on the relations of man and woman, that was not already more ably presented in the third volume. The solution of the social question, the establishment of a large independent labor colony on the outskirts of Copenhagen, which Nexö enables Pelle to found, is conditioned on Pelle's rather fortuitous alliance with a wealthy scion of a very old and cultured family, who wishes to devote the money he has inherited to improving the condition of the poor and bettering their class organization. Many of us do not believe that is the way the thing is going to happen. Perhaps that is the central defect, if such it be, of Nexö's whole attitude. The affections, the feelings of humanity between hostile social classes, the sweet kindness of it all, are very disappointing to me. Those of us who live through the next few years in this country may learn how gently wars between class and class are conducted.

The translation of volume four strikes me as being not up to the standard set in the preceding volumes, although the translator is the lady from whom we had volume one, which, from this standpoint, is by far the best of the series.

Yet, barring J. D. Beresford's *Jacob Stahl* and perhaps Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger* series, *Pelle* remains to my mind the most interesting of the twentieth century romance mastodons (I cannot see how anyone can declare Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* to be its equal), and everyone who reads volume one should and will go right through to the end of volume four.

JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN.

HISTORY OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN FRANCE. By Agnes Mathilde Wergeland. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1916. viii and 136 pages. Price, \$1.00.

SLAVERY IN GERMANIC SOCIETY DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By Agnes Mathilde Wergeland. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1916. xvi and 158 pages. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Agnes Mathilde Wergeland, whose death while still in the prime of life was chronicled in an earlier issue of this REVIEW, was a scholar of rare abilities and broad preparation. Unfortunately her position as professor of history in the University of Wyoming afforded neither facilities nor leisure for extended research, and she was never able to complete an extensive work. Her friends have thought, however, that among her earlier papers there might be some that could to advantage be published in book form; and accordingly they have brought out two small volumes, reprints of articles originally printed in the *Journal of Political Economy*. One of these, *A History of the Working Classes in France*, is a somewhat extended review of Levasseur's monumental work, *Histoire des classes ouvrières et de l'industrie en France avant 1789*. Dr. Wergeland's review has many excellencies: it reveals not only a thorough understanding of Levasseur's arguments and conclusions but also an intimate knowledge of the sources and materials used in the preparation of his great history. It has also a certain practical utility in that it affords a fairly adequate summary of Levasseur's work which will be welcomed by those who cannot or do not wish to use the original.

It may, however, be doubted whether the republication in book form of a paper which pretends to be nothing more than a review was really advisable. The volume contains almost nothing that is original and is in no sense a contribution to the world's knowledge of French industrial history. But with respect to the second of the volumes before us there can be no such doubts. In this work Dr. Wergeland has dealt with a subject of lasting importance, one that up to the publication of her paper had been treated very imperfectly. Few of the historians who have written on Germanic slavery have been aware of the great storehouse of information on this and kindred institutions that is to be found in the Old Northern laws; consequently their conclusions have not always been well founded. Dr. Wergeland has made large use of the Old Norse sources and has therefore been able to throw a great deal of new light on a dark and difficult subject. She has grouped her materials under three heads: reduction into slavery; amelioration of slavery; and the rise to freedom. To the first two of these subjects her contribution, though noteworthy, is not large; but her discussion of how the slave once more became a free man, of the process of liberation, the intervening stages of partial freedom, and the social conditions that led to the abolition of slavery is in a high degree illuminating and contains much information that cannot readily be found elsewhere.

L. M. L.

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Brief Notes

The model of the Thorfinn Karlsefni statue has been received from Iceland by the Einar Jonsson Committee in New York and forwarded to Philadelphia, where it has been exhibited in the Rosenbach galleries and attracted much favorable comment.

The new Scandinavian Art Shop, the announcement of which appears on another page, opened on March 5 with an exhibition of etchings by MasOlle and statuettes by Ruth and Carl Milles, besides porcelain and art faience, prints and fine books, embroidery and weaving. The furniture is designed from Carl Larsson interiors. Like many other Scandinavian ventures of an idealistic kind, the Shop was organized with the assistance of the office of the Foundation, but the Foundation is in no way financially responsible. The money has been raised by private subscription. Dr. H. G. Leach will act as president of the concern without salary and has undertaken full responsibility for one year. Small commissions are charged on sales, and as the cost of maintaining the shop is about one hundred dollars a week, it is not expected to be immediately self-supporting.

The Foundation has accepted an invitation to take under its auspices an Exhibition of Swedish-American Art to be arranged by Mr. C. S. Petersen of Chicago, to tour the chief cities in Sweden, in conjunction with the Swedish Choral Club of Chicago, in 1919. The American minister in Stockholm, the Honorable Ira Nelson Morris, will be Honorary President of the Exhibition and the Choral Club.

The centennial of the birth of Niels Gade, the Danish symphony master, was worthily celebrated in Chicago, on the Sunday following his birthday, with a concert in Consistory Hall. Only Gade music was given. The choral singing was under the direction of Mr. Emil Björn, the orchestra under Mr. Ole Nielsen. A prologue written for the occasion by the Danish poet, Mr. Ivar Kirkegaard, was read by Mr. Carl Antonsen.

Mr. Herman Sandby, who was heard in the Scandinavian Concert at Carnegie Hall last spring, is now a resident of New York. A programme of his music was given at the MacDowell Club, on March 4, and included settings of Scandinavian folk-music for trio and quartette. Mr. Sandby's Concerto in D Major for 'Cello was played by the composer with Mr. Axel Skjerne at the piano.

A new feature in the work of the American-Scandinavian Society was inaugurated on March 27 with a "Round Table Evening" at the Hotel McAlpin, at which Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach were hosts. The subject was "Great Explorers," and the guest of honor was the Norwegian explorer, Mr. Christian Leden, who gave a talk on his researches among the Esquimaux. A discussion followed, in which members of the society took part. The next Round Table Evening will be on May 15, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Lagerlöf acting as hosts. The subject will be "Great Inventors."

An excellent portrait of Former President Taft was included in the spring exhibition of August Franzén at the Knoedler Galleries.

(Continued on Page 188)

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BRIEF NOTES—Continued from page 186

Count Axel Raoul Wachtmeister, the well-known Swedish composer, is now in this country. A recital of his compositions was given at the Women's University Club in New York, on February 20.

Mr. John Lokrantz, who has guided the destinies of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce so ably through the troublous war time, has resigned and has been succeeded by Mr. Oscar G. Marell as general manager.

Mr. Jonas Lie's Exhibition this year was held at the Montross Galleries and included views from Quebec and Nova Scotia, where Mr. Lie sketched last summer.

The ever fresh charm of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy-tales was felt by all who heard Miss Marie L. Shedlock of London in her reading at the MacDowell Club on April 2. Miss Shedlock, who is an Andersen enthusiast, had chosen the day as the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the poet's birth.

An interesting exhibition of repoussé work by Miss Borghild Arnesen was recently held in the Milch Galleries. Miss Arnesen, who is a Norwegian by birth, has won distinction in Paris as well as in Scandinavia. Queen Maud is the owner of a clock made by her in an original design with a spider symbolizing time which catches, at last, all living things in its web.

Westgöta Gille in Chicago has taken the initiative in collecting money for a monument to Dr. Johan Alfred Enander, to be erected on his grave in the Swedish cemetery at Oak Hill. Dr. Enander was by many held to be the foremost figure in Swedish-American life. He is known chiefly as the creator of the great newspaper *Hemlandet* in Chicago, which under his editorship became a great cohesive force among the Swedes of America, and was generally looked to both here and abroad as the most representative utterance of Swedish-Americans. He was extremely popular as a public speaker and was the author of many books. His death occurred at his home in Chicago, in 1910. Contributions to the monument are received by Mr. John A. Freedain, 842 Fletcher Street, Chicago.

JOHN ERICSSON MONUMENT.—Contributions received up to March 31, through members of the Commission and forwarded to the General Treasurer, Mr. Henry S. Henschen, State Bank of Chicago, are as follows: John Aspegren, \$500; A. Lanquist, \$500; John G. Bergquist, \$500; H. G. Leach, \$250; H. O. Taub, \$25; Frank Johnson, \$100; Gust. Person Wern, \$250; Svenska Societeten, \$10; Axel Josephson, \$5; Chas. K. Johansen, \$50; C. S. Peterson, \$500; Albin Gustafson, \$50; Hans Lagerlöf, \$250; Eric Oberg, \$50; P. A. Peterson, \$500; J. F. A. Comstedt, \$100; Jacob Wallenberg, \$100; C. Edw. Billquist, \$100; Count J. W. H. Hamilton, \$50; Tobias C. Fogel, \$50; Frank Mossberg, \$50; Total, \$3,990. The REVIEW will be glad to receive gifts and forward them to the general treasurer, Mr. Henry S. Henschen.